LETTERS

CONCERNING

ENGLAND,

HOLLAND AND ITALY.

By the Celebrated

MADAM DU BOCAGE,

Member of the Academies of

PADUA, BOLOGNA, ROME and LYONS.

WRITTEN

During her Travels in thoſe Countries.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH.

—Quæ mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for E. and C. DILLY in the Poultry.

M DCC LXX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LETTERS, &c.

LETTER XXII.

Rome, July 5, 1757.

Dear Siſter,

MY joy is extreme; I am arrived at the place which I ſo much deſired to viſit; and you inform me that you are in a good ſtate of health, as well as my Mother and your Son, who is now made a cornet of Carbineers, and has received a promiſe to be ſoon promoted to a lieutenancy. I have heard an excellent character of him from the other officers of the regiment: I hope his conduct will give us general ſatisfaction: I ſpeak of him, as you do yourſelf: I have no other ſiſter but you; your two ſons are my only children. What a misfortune is it that the eldeſt is not able to ſerve the King alſo! You tell me with concern, that the weakneſs of his ſight

incapacitates him not only for that but for every ſort of buſineſs. His good underſtanding therefore is of no other uſe to him, but to enable him to lament his hard fate in more affecting and pathetic terms. I paſſed a whole hour in reading his letter, your's, and thoſe of my friends at *Paris*, who regret my abſence; if they deceive me in telling me ſo, I am obliged to them notwithſtanding, for ſaying what cannot but gratify my ſelf-love. Nothing can give me a higher ſatisfaction and complacency, than the favours I received upon the road, and the kind reception which I have the happineſs to meet with here. Before I boaſt any farther of it, I will give you an account of my ſufferings and my pleaſures, ſince I wrote to you laſt.

It is terrible to paſs the mountain *Radicofani!* The hardneſs of the ſtones obliged me to alight from my coach, rendered it difficult for me to walk afoot, and would have made me ſhudder, if I had been a horſe-back: I next paſs *Monteſiaſcone*, capital of the *Faliſci*, and ſkirted the lake *Bolſena*, where *Amalazuntha*, queen of the Goths, and the illuſtrious princes of the *Farneſe* family, are interred.

This road is traverſed by torrents as difficult to paſs as the mountains. It ſeems ſurprizing that the ſovereigns of this country,

try, who ſpare no expence upon their palaces, ſhould not endeavour to render the road more eaſy to travellers, who for two thouſand years paſt, have made that tour to admire them. Princes, cardinals, pilgrims, and a multitude of curious perſons conſtantly frequent theſe troubleſome roads; yet ſo unfeeling are the ſovereigns, that they ſtill leave them in the ſame miſerable condition. *Rome* however reſembles a beauty, that ſtands in no need of having her attractives enhanced by the difficulty of approaching them. It is true the roads which immediately lead to that city, are kept in better order; and it has charms ſufficient to make travellers forget all they have ſuffered.

I no longer regretted my paſt trouble, when I ſaw the dome of St. *Peter's*. We had at firſt a diſtant proſpect of it, but a hill intervening quickly deprived us of that. You would have laughed to ſee the apprehenſions I was in of loſing ſight of it. Lord! how much would your ſprightly wit have amuſed me in my journey! My joy returned when I beheld again the long wiſhed for ſtructure. We always carry a book and paper in our hands. I ſhall enter the holy city, ſaid I to myſelf; here is the *Milvian Bridge*, now called *Ponte-mola*, where a ſign from heaven, ſhewed *Conſtantine*, that he ſhould triumph over *Maxentius*.

We are at preſent in the country of miracles and wonders (the love of antiquity embelliſhes them ſtill) ſo that I gazed with the utmoſt attention at an obeliſk covered with heieroglyphicks, ſome of them engraved, and ſome in baſs relievo, and in a little mold to prevent time from wearing out the hiſtorical facts, which are committed to memory by thoſe characters: Vain precaution! they ſtill ſubſiſt, but their meaning is totally loſt. The monument which occaſioned this reflection, was found in a *Circus* between the *Palatine* and *Aventine Mounts*, dedicated to the *Sun* in *Egypt*, and conſecrated to *Chriſt* under *Sixtus* V. who cauſed it to be erected at the ſquare called *del Popolo*, by which we entered the city. The baſon of the fountain is formed of the baſis of a column ſix feet in diameter, which was taken from *Nero*'s baths. *Vignola* made the majeſtic decoration of the gate formerly called *Porta Flaminia*, according to the plan of *Michael Angelo*. Two fine portals of churches ſtand oppoſite to it, and diſcover between them three long ſtreets. I ſhould gladly have gone through them all at the ſame time, had it been poſſible; we entered one of them, in which my enthuſiaſm made me hope to find ſome monument worthy of obſervation. Aſtoniſhed to meet with nothing but ordinary buildings, we wandered up and down a long

long time, before we came to the cuſtom-houſe, the front of which adorned with lofty pillars of the *Corinthian* order, very much defaced by time, highly gratified my curioſity. The poſtillion aſſured me that they were the remains of a temple of *Mars* *.

I thought to enter an ancient ſtructure, but the court-yard offered to my view a modern building only, where I was obliged to ſtand roaſting in the ſun a long time, whilſt the cuſtom-houſe officers ſearched my baggage. After having long waited with impatience, we reached the *Piazza di Spagna*, where we were ſcorched with heat, whilſt we ſtaid another hour to provide ourſelves with a ready furniſhed houſe, which we ſhould have had the precaution of hiring beforehand. This neglect was eaſily repaired; we found out a tolerable good one, and were glad to reſt ourſelves: Soon after we received a meſſage from the princes *Corſini*, whom I had the honour of knowing at *Paris*, where they diſtinguiſhed themſelves equally by their learning and good conduct. How great was our happineſs! they had engaged the princeſs their Mother, and their Siſter the dutcheſs of *Bracciano*, to take me under their protection. My joy was equal to my gratitude; theſe ladies were ſo obliging as

* They are thought to be the remains of a *Temple* erected to the emperor *Antoninus*.

to promiſe to accompany me next day to ſee St. *Peter's* fire-works. I had no longer any apprehenſions, when I had ſuch guides to conduct me: I knew that their taſte for literature, gave them a reliſh for the French language, and that their merit in every reſpect, equalled their high birth. Thus you ſee that heaven rewards my pilgrimage, by affording me both profit and amuſement. The fore-ſight of a misfortune increaſes the ſufferings which it brings with it; unexpected pleaſures, on the contrary, give a more exquiſite delight.

Cardinal Paſſionei too, who had before honoured me with his correſpondence, ſoon gave me freſh proofs of his kind remembrance, by inviting me the next day to his palace, to ſee the ceremony of the *Pad*, with the princeſſes *Corſini*. The kind reception of this family, beloved in *Rome* and by the *Pope*, ſoon procured me the viſits and the friendſhip of all the nobility: I am intirely indebted for theſe favours, as you may well imagine, to my illuſtrious patrons, who ſhall henceforward be my only guides. I therefore followed them till we came oppoſite to the bridge of *St. Angelo*, where we ſaw the fire-work begin; by the firing of a thouſand rockets: It takes a hundred different colours, a hundred different forms, and concludes by a ſtarry girandole, which turns the night into day. This ſhew, which

is

is attended with a great deal of hurry, is repeated the day following; they add to it the illumination of the cupola, and of the colonnade of St. *Peter*'s, which produces an inimitable effect. There is no other place in the world, where a dome which reaches to the ſkies, has at its feet three hundred pillars, in four rows, with ſpaces between them wide enough to let a coach paſs through. The vaſt circle encloſed by theſe porticos, is adorned by two fountains, which ſpout up to the clouds by a large pipe; baſons of granit in double ranks receive them as they fall in froth. The Queen of *Sweden*, thinking that this great waſte of water was intended merely to do her honour, deſired that they might be ſtopped. Her ſurprize was great, when ſhe was told that theſe water-works continued to play in this manner, both by night and by day. An obeliſk made of a ſingle piece of granit ſeparates them, leaving an equal diſtance between, and marks the middle of the ſquare, built by *Alexander* VII. This monument, which was made in the time of *Seſoſtris*, brought from *Egypt* in the reign of *Caligula*, and found in the *Circus* of *Nero*, is a hundred and twenty feet high, nine hundred thouſand pounds weight, has been preſerved entire four thouſand years, and to ſpare antiquaries the trouble of forming conjectures, is without heiroglyphics.

phics. The ſhip which brought it, was ſo large, that four men could hardly embrace its maſt. The Emperor *Claudius* cauſed it to be ſunk in the port of *Oſtia*, and to ſerve as the foundation of a tower. The immenſe machine invented by the Chevalier *Fontana* to fix the obeliſk in its proper place, is univerſally known. The manner in which the *Romans* erected ſuch piles, and the weightieſt pillars, without a great ſpace round them for ſcaffolding, is in all probability loſt. But let us drop the antients at preſent, in order to admire the modern colonnade of St. *Peter*, which is of ſuch an extent, that the voice cannot be heard from one ſide to the other, and covered with a baluſtrade, upon which ſtand a hundred and thirty eight ſtatues. This view aſtoniſhed me more than the front of the church, which is four hundred feet high, and as many broad. The portico before it, ſupported by immenſe pillars of antique marble, is of itſelf equal to the longeſt and moſt magnificent church of *Paris*. I ſhall not trouble you with the deſcription, that has been given over and over, of the numberleſs beauties of this *Baſilica*, which was built by *Conſtantine*, upon the foundations of *Nero*'s *Circus*, rebuilt by *Bramante* in the pontificate of *Julius* II. and by *Michael Angelo* in that of *Paul* III. Gilding, bronzes, marble, painting, are

are laviſhed upon it with the utmoſt art. Four hundred and fifty thouſand weight of bronze, taken from the ornaments of the *Pantheon*, form the wreathed pillars of the altar, which ſtands by itſelf under the dome. The Chevalier *Bernini* had occaſion for two hundred thouſand weight of bronze for the four fathers of the church, which at the bottom of the edifice adorn the pulpit of St. *Peter*, and coſt a hundred and forty thouſand *Roman* crowns. The *Roman* crown is worth five livres. The veſtry, which is a ſort of a rotunda, was formerly a temple of *Apollo*. A vaſe of poryphry, which ſerved the conſuls as a bath, and as a ſepulchre to the emperor *Otho*, is at preſent a font for baptizing: The figures of angels, which are eight feet, and ſupport the pots that hold the holy water amongſt the firſt pillars of the iſle, appear from the door, not above the ſize of children; by this you may form a judgment of the reſt.

Of ſolemn temples *Athens* boaſt no more;
Antiquity, thy pious vaunts give o'er:
Though *Babylon*, and *Epheſus* might raiſe
Structures, the pride and wonder of their days;
Build altars to a crowd of powers divine,
And laviſh wealth on every ſacred ſhrine;

To

To fam'd St. *Peter*'s glories, theirs muſt bend;
Here in one place a hundred vaults aſcend:
With treaſures richer far theſe vaults are ſtor'd;
Yet one ſole *God* is in this ſhrine ador'd.

Amongſt the magnificent monuments of the popes, there are three erected to women: The counteſs *Matilda*, a great benefactreſs to the church; the renowned queen of *Sweden*; and the pious conſort of the *Chevalier de St. George*, who now reſides at *Rome*.

The wonders of St. *Peter*'s church have made me forget the fire-works, with which the king of *Naples* celebrates the eve of this ſaint's day; they are exhibited oppoſite to the *Farneſian* palace, from whence we had a view of them. His conſtable *Colonna*, who the ſame day preſents the *Pope* with a *Pad*, does the honours of the feſtival in the moſt magnificent manner imaginable; and the two ſpouting fountains of the ſquare, partly add to the decorations.* Before we went up to the apartments, we paid our devoirs to the *Farneſian Hercules*†, to

* The magnificent bowls of granit which receive them, are twenty five palms in length, and were taken from the baths of *Septimus Severus*. Moſt of theſe baſons were uſed as warm baths by the emperors.

† *Michael Angelo* made the two legs, which had been loſt, and were afterwards found. The family of *Borgheſe* is

to the *Flora*, and the other ſtatues of the porticos which ſurround the court. In the halls and galleries are to be ſeen, amongſt a thouſand maſter-pieces of ſculpture and painting, eighteen heads found at the baths of *Dioclefian*; ſcarce can all Europe produce an equal number of living philoſophers.

This morning I contemplated at my leiſure theſe curioſities, which I but juſt caſt my eye upon in the evening. The *Farneſian* prince who began this palace, when he was *Cardinal*, cauſed it to be finiſhed by *Michael Angelo*, after he was made *Pope*. The front, which is a hundred and eighty feet broad, and ninety feet high, is built with the ſtones of the *Coliſeo*, of which St. *Lawrence*'s church, and the chancery-houſe were built likewiſe: With the ſame materials they repaired the walls of the city, which had continued in the ſame ſtate from the time of *Beliſarius*. *Paul* III. removed the ſtatues of this amphitheatre to the *Farneſian* gardens. *Innocent* VIII. broke down the *Gordian* arch to build a church; Pope *Alexander* did the ſame with *Scipio*'s pyramid, in order to pave the ſtreets. St. *Stephen*'s church was formerly the temple of *Faunus*;

is in poſſeſſion of them. Notwithſtanding the beauties it has at preſent, and which has prevented the old ones from being reſtored; as ſoon as I heard of this anecdote, I regretted that the genuine legs made by the ſculptor *Glico*, were not replaced.

To fam'd St. *Peter*'s glories, theirs muſt bend;
Here in one place a hundred vaults aſcend:
With treaſures richer far theſe vaults are ſtor'd;
Yet one ſole *God* is in this ſhrine ador'd.

Amongſt the magnificent monuments of the popes, there are three erected to women: The counteſs *Matilda*, a great benefactreſs to the church; the renowned queen of *Sweden*; and the pious conſort of the *Chevalier de St. George*, who now reſides at *Rome*.

The wonders of St. *Peter*'s church have made me forget the fire-works, with which the king of *Naples* celebrates the eve of this ſaint's day; they are exhibited oppoſite to the *Farneſian* palace, from whence we had a view of them. His conſtable *Colonna*, who the ſame day preſents the *Pope* with a *Pad*, does the honours of the feſtival in the moſt magnificent manner imaginable; and the two ſpouting fountains of the ſquare, partly add to the decorations.* Before we went up to the apartments, we paid our devoirs to the *Farneſian Hercules*†, to

* The magnificent bowls of granit which receive them, are twenty five palms in length, and were taken from the baths of *Septimus Severus*. Moſt of theſe baſons were uſed as warm baths by the emperors.

† *Michael Angelo* made the two legs, which had been loſt, and were afterwards found. The family of *Borgheſe* is

to the *Flora*, and the other ſtatues of the porticos which ſurround the court. In the halls and galleries are to be ſeen, amongſt a thouſand maſter-pieces of ſculpture and painting, eighteen heads found at the baths of *Dioclesian*; ſcarce can all Europe produce an equal number of living philoſophers.

This morning I contemplated at my leiſure theſe curioſities, which I but juſt caſt my eye upon in the evening. The *Farneſian* prince who began this palace, when he was *Cardinal*, cauſed it to be finiſhed by *Michael Angelo*, after he was made *Pope*. The front, which is a hundred and eighty feet broad, and ninety feet high, is built with the ſtones of the *Coliſeo*, of which St. *Lawrence*'s church, and the chancery-houſe were built likewiſe: With the ſame materials they repaired the walls of the city, which had continued in the ſame ſtate from the time of *Beliſarius*. *Paul* III. removed the ſtatues of this amphitheatre to the *Farneſian* gardens. *Innocent* VIII. broke down the *Gordian* arch to build a church; Pope *Alexander* did the ſame with *Scipio*'s pyramid, in order to pave the ſtreets. St. *Stephen*'s church was formerly the temple of *Faunus*;

is in poſſeſſion of them. Notwithſtanding the beauties it has at preſent, and which has prevented the old ones from being reſtored; as ſoon as I heard of this anecdote, I regretted that the genuine legs made by the ſculptor *Glico*, were not replaced.

Faunus: *St. Bartholomew*'s, in a iſland of the *Tiber* to which the ſick ſtill repair, belonged to *Eſculapius*; *St. Blaſius* to *Neptune*. Thus you ſee that religious zeal has cauſed as much deſtruction as barbariſm. Even the chriſtian emperors ordered ſome pagan temples to be demoliſhed. To return to the *Farneſian* palace; the famous bull of this name is without-ſide its incloſure, defended from the rain by a thatched roof. If its enormous maſs did not ſecure it from robbers, it would well deſerve to be guarded. From a ſingle block riſe ſeven figures; a woman faſtened by her hair to the horns of a furious animal; two men who make an effort to throw it down a high rock; while another woman, her child and her dog behold this motionleſs figure, in which all the genius of *Apollonius* and *Tauricus* is diſplayed. This precious monument of antiquity, which was brought from *Rhodes* by *Titus*, and the *Farneſian Hercules*, adorned the baths of *Caracalla*.* If it were poſſible to remove them to *Naples*, I am ſurprized that the king of the two *Sicilies* does not enrich his palace with them. The higneſs of the antiques to be ſeen here, and the modern ſculptures ſuited to the meaſure

* As alſo the *Porphyry* pulpit, which is to be ſeen at the church of *St. John Lateran*, wherein there is a hole from which the water was let to run out. Theſe baths had ſixteen hundred ſeats of marble, and three thouſand could bathe in them at the ſame time.

meaſure of the antients, ſo much ſurpaſs my ideas, that if the *Romans* had not deſcribed their ſize, I ſhould think myſelf where was formerly the empire of the giants. Though I had been uſed to grand edifices in the other cities of *Italy*, theſe which I now behold fill me with aſtoniſhment, and raviſh my ſoul with admiration. I find that the very ſtones have an effect upon the imagination. I ſhall deſcribe none to you, but ſome modern buildings of which few travellers have ſpoken, as for example the fountain of *Trovi* which yeſterday occaſioned in me an agreeable ſurprize. No traveller mentions it; nobody had ever ſaid aword of it to me; yet my aſtoniſhment was ſo great, that I was almoſt ready to leap out of my coach. I ſtopped to admire the moſt ſumptuous repreſentation that could poſſibly be made of the ſea. Upon a rock from which water ſpouts through a hundred chinks, is erected a vaſt *Corinthian* portico. In the centre is the ocean in his chariot, adorned with ſhells, and drawn by two ſea-horſes; one of them is a ſymbol of ſtormy weather; foaming waves iſſue from its noſtrils, and a *Triton* with a whip in his hand with difficulty ſlacks its ardour. The other, which is a ſymbolical repreſentation of a calm, quietly vomits up the ſource that waters it, and leaves the *Triton*, that rides it, at leiſure to play upon his ſhell.

The

The ſeveral figures ſcattered in irregular groupes in a lake filled with the water which they vomit up, produce an admirable effect; a poetical imagination can conceive nothing more delightful. Amongſt the allegorical figures which adorn the frontiſpiece, are to be ſeen the ſtatue of *Agrippa*, by whom this water was brought to *Rome* from a diſtance; and the figure of a virgin who diſcovered the ſpring, from whence it takes its riſe, which occaſions its being called *Aqua-vergine*, virgin's water. The preſent *Pope* cauſed the border of this wonderful fountain to be inlaid with marble; and the ingenious *Salvi* was the architect who did this by order of *Clement* XII. I have ſaid more than enough for the preſent, and now my powers fail me more than matter. The pains I am at give me pleaſure, at the ſame time that they pull me down. Farewell.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

Rome, July 20th, 1757.

Dear Siſter,

YOU are particularly deſirous that I ſhould inform you of whatever relates to myſelf, and give you an account of the objects that ſtrike me moſt: I will do my endeavours to ſatisfy you. The little I ſay of the public monuments which I examine accurately, in order to give you an idea of them, and what I have been told by others (the truth of which I will not anſwer for) will at leaſt excite in you a curioſity to look for a more compleat deſcription in the moſt approved authors. If youare miſled by my errors, I muſt firſt be miſled myſelf; I cannot, as you may well imagine, have recourſe to the ornaments of fiction, which is the common reproach of travellers; there would be too many witneſſes ready to convict me of impoſition.

Summer has doubtleſs made you leave our good city of *Rouen*, the place of nativity of the celebrated *Corneille* and *Fonteneille*,

teneille, to viſit your rural plains, leſs fertile in great men, but better peopled with perſons of real utility. Did not one of the peaſants who firſt cultivated them, and who carried butter and eggs to *Paris*, at forty leagues diſtance, acquire a reputation which was laſting? Though confined to his particular province. In your ſolitary woods you will have leiſure to follow us in our peregrinations: I was delighted with this morning's excurſion; I ſaw the *Coliſeo*, which is large enough to hold eighty thouſand ſpectators *; the building of it coſt an immenſe ſum, as we are told by *Caſſidorus*.

According to an eſtimate made by the learned father *Iacquier*, and the abbe *Bartholomew*, the outward part of this monument would of itſelf coſt ſeventeen millions of our money. *Pompey* was the firſt who cauſed a ſtone theatre to be built, of which ſome veſtiges ſtill remain; before his time they were built of wood only. The amphitheatre which I am deſcribing to you, is four times bigger than that of *Verona*; it is leſs intire within; but without, eſpecially on one ſide, you can eaſily diſtinguiſh

* The emperor *Titus* exhibited ſhews in it which laſted a hundred days, and cauſed to be thrown from the higheſt part of it to the ſpectators, little wooden balls, upon which were marked a veſſel of gold or ſilver for one, for another a number of ſlaves, or of teams of horſes, which an officer had orders to diſtribute to thoſe upon whom the lot fell.

diſtinguiſh the three orders of architecture crowned with a fourth of *Corinthian* pillars, ſo lofty that the eye can hardly ſee from the foot of the edifice to the ſummit. The area which is become higher than it was in former times by the raiſing of the ground, is at preſent paved. As I was prepoſſeſſed with an idea of the objects (which in the time of *Veſpaſian* its founder filled the incloſure) I to my great ſurprize ſaw it ſurrounded with twelve portable chapels, which reſemble centry-boxes: *Pilgrims* travel hither to do honour to the blood of *Martyrs* maſſacred in theſe places, where the *Pagans* in their games ſlew an incredible number of wild beaſts.

A ſingle *French* hermit who lodges amidſt this heap of ruins, and ſtriking beauties, guards the entrance night and day with a chaplet in his hand. He conducted us to the firſt gallery. The eighty arches which form it, are each fourteen feet wide. We next ſaw the triumphal arch of marble erected in commemoration of *Conſtantine*'s triumph over *Maxentius*, and repaired throughout by Pope *Corſini*, except in its lower part which is ſtill hid beneath a heap of ruins. The ſoil of modern *Rome* is fifteen feet higher than that of the antient; inſomuch that the remaining monuments of that queen of the world, ſuch as the arch of *Titus*, or that of *Severus*, which

are leſs adorned and preſerved with leſs care, than that of *Conſtantine*, have their baſe under ground: This has happened to many others in the ſame quarter of the *Forum Romanum*, now called *Campo Vaccino*; a field covered with the ruins of *Pagan* temples. In ſpight of time which undermines thoſe edifices, of barbarous hands which demoliſhed them, and avaricious hands which deſtroyed them, to raiſe others for oſtentation; we ſtill admire the rows of columns, which chance has preſerved. Thoſe of the temple of *Fauſtina* form the front of a church. The porch of *Nero's* palace is now the chapel of *St. Franciſca*, where Pope *Gregory* XI. lies interred. He was the ſecond Pope of the family of *Beaufort Canillac*, who again removed the ſeat of the holy ſee from *Avignon* to *Rome*, after it had been ſeventy years at the former city. The *Benidictines* of this church, preſerve in their garden the remains of a temple of *Iſis*; and near their incloſure is the famous temple of *Peace*, reduced to three arches. Though the *Campo Vaccino* is extenſive, I ſee no room there for the numerous monuments with which it is ſaid to have been adorned. There the gulph gaped, into which *Curtius* leaped in obedience to the commands of the oracle. The great ambition he had to immortaliſe his name, preſerved his country. The laudable deſire of living in the memory of others,

the nobleſt wiſh that can animate the human breaſt, is worthy to inſpire the moſt virtuous ſouls. The greateſt men of antiquity far from concealing their love of glory, ſaid in the rapture of their enthuſiaſm, " let us do ſomething for poſterity, " if we deſire that poſterity ſhould do any " thing for us." It is the will of providence that mean ſouls ſhould have a leſs ardent deſire for immortality; but in exalted genius's, the expectation of ſucceſs enables them to perform heroick exploits, and theſe give riſe to aſpiring hopes.

The moſt entire monument of *Roman* greatneſs is the *Pantheon*, now called the *Rotunda*, dedicated to as many ſaints, as its founder *Agrippa* cauſed gods to be worſhipped there, according to *Varro*. We were eager to worſhip in it the only being that deſerves altars. This ſurpriſing piece of architecture has walls twenty five feet thick, is a hundred and fifty eight feet in diameter, and as many in height. This form, which is perfectly round, and the commoneſt in antient temples, pleaſes me greatly. Day-light enters only by a large aperture, at the ſcutcheon in the middle of the vault, and diffuſes itſelf ſufficiently to ſhew all objects without dazzling the ſight. Forty eight pillars of *Theban* marble adorn the inſide; and there the famous *Raphael*, who was born at *Urbino*, has a tomb worthy

of his genius. Cardinal *Bembo* wrote the following epitaph on him, which I dare not attempt to tranſlate.

Hic ſitus eſt Raphael, timuit quo ſoſpite vinci
Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori.

The ſixteen columns of a portico of the *Corinthian* order, made of a ſingle piece of granit, are forty eight feet high. I regret the ſtatues, which the Emperor *Conſtans* removed to *Conſtantinople*; their niches are ſtill to be ſeen. Why is not the outſide ſtill unincumbred with other buildings! why does not the inſide ſtill ſhew the brazen plates, with which *Urban* VIII. adorned St. *Peter*'s, and made cannons for the caſtle of St. *Angelo!* In this fortreſs are kept two nails of the ſame metal; a third has been fixed in the *Barberini* palace, and a ſingle man is hardly able to lift it; the fourth of theſe was bought by the father of the king of *Pruſſia*: The *Strozzi* purchaſed the fifth; and that of *Gualtieri* came into the poſſeſſion of Lord *Carliſle*. The gate of the ſame metal was taken by *Genſeric*, who ſent it to *Sicily*, and it was loſt by the way. The antique air of the *Pantheon* becomes it ſo well; that it is with concern I ſee the preſent Pope endeavour to give its inſide a modern appearance. His holineſs made me a preſent of ſome golden medals which were

ſtruck upon this occaſion; of chaplets of oriental jaſper, and indulgences in *articulo mortis*. To crown theſe precious gifts, and the favour which he did me laſt year in accepting of my dedication to the *Colombiade*; this learned pontiff permitted me to kiſs his feet. No woman is allowed to enter the ſacred palace; it was at the church of St. *Maria Maggiore* I paid him homage in the midſt of thirty cardinals, and fifty prelates. I trembled whilſt I proſtrated myſelf before his chair. To form a judgment of his health, from his ſmiling countenance and his converſation, which is replete with humanity, I ſhould have thought him perfectly well; but he has very bad legs, and has not been able to go out theſe eight months. This rendered the multitude of thoſe, who were eager to receive his bleſſing, ſo much the more numerous, and greatly added to my embaraſſment.

Upon leaving the church, I ſhewed the rich preſents of the holy father at the palace of *Corſini*, and to our auditor of the Rota, the Abbe *Canillac*, whom you have ſeen great Vicar at *Rouen*, where he was beloved and reſpected as much as he is here. He lives in the greateſt ſtate imaginable, and honours me with his friendſhip.

The ambaſſador Mr. *de Laon* is not yet arrived. His predeceſſor who is very much

regretted, has left M. *Boyer* * charged with affairs, as a perſon very capable of tranſacting buſineſs. He is good company, obliging, and extremely much beloved at court; the kindneſs which the pope ſhews me, contributes to render this place of abode delightful to me. His holineſs gave me leave to viſit the rich ſubterraneous church of St. *Peter*, where women are allowed to enter but once a year, except they are carried in dead; for the aſhes of many queens reſt there. The ſtatue of St. *Peter*, which ſtands oppoſite to a pillar of the dome of the upper church, was made of a *Jupiter Olympius* of bronze. That of the ſumptuous ſubterranean chapel of this apoſtle is the figure of a *Roman* conſul, into whoſe hands the moderns have put the keys of paradiſe.

After having deſcended under ground, we were deſirous of aſcending to heaven: By a difficult, but regular paſſage, we got up to the ball of the dome, but did not enter it to avoid ſome bad ſteps; our eyes however had the ſatisfaction of contemplating the whole extent of the country, from the height of four hundred feet. You may ſee us ſometimes living with the *Gnomes*, ſometimes with the *Sylphs*. I am ſo fatigued in the evening with my ſubterraneous and aerial

* Now miniſter plenipotentiary at *Genoa*.

aerial excurſions, that I requeſted M. *de Bocage* to take down notes of them, to enable me to give you a more faithful account. The life of a curious obſerver, and the duties of ſociety, are hardly compatible; but it is more inſtructive to ſtudy the manners of men than to examine ſtatues. I do not therefore neglect the world in order to ſearch into antiquity. The tedious toilet has alſo its time. The ladies do me the honour to aſk my opinion of their dreſs; I tell them it is admirable, but that it does not anſwer their wiſh of being dreſſed according to the *French* faſhion, which is impoſſible to hit at the diſtance of three hundred leagues from *Paris*. Their cheeks being without *rouge* as in moſt of the towns of *Italy*, diſcover the various emotions of the ſoul the better: In order to conform to this laudable cuſtom, I lay on as little as poſſible; ſuch powder on the face by no means ſuits with a hot country, where we are obliged conſtantly to have a handkerchief in hand in order to wipe it.

The dutcheſſes of *Corſini* and *Bracciano* permit me to follow them to the aſſemblies. Theſe do not begin in any ſeaſon till three hours after the ſetting of the ſun; at the ſecond hour of the night, according to the manner of reckoning in this country; that is, at eleven o'clock in the preſent month. In order to paſs away the time till the day

is ended, it is cuſtomary to go firſt of all to adore the holy ſacrament, which is always expoſed to public view in one of their churches, with an illumination and muſick; they afterwards go to take the air in their coaches without the gate *del Popolo*, where is to be ſeen a great concourſe of magnificent equipages, and ladies richly dreſſed. As the motion of the carriage prevents them from taking the air with any ſatisfaction, many of them ſtop at a ſquare oppoſite to a coffee-houſe, famous for its excellent liquors. They drink ſome of theſe if they chuſe it, and then all return home, take their repoſe, or receive the viſits of their friends. At laſt the doors are opened for the aſſembly, called the Converſation. An hour and half is ſufficient to bring the company together, and give them time to chat in cluſters. Theſe converſations are followed by gaming, or elſe they are continued with great irregularity and confuſion. About two or three o'clock every one in company is determined with regard to the manner of ſpending the evening. Moſt of them paſs the night in a place where they are entertained with voices and mandalines, much in the ſame manner as we do at the *Palace Royal* in the heat of ſummer; excepting only that at *Rome* the night air is milder, the palaces more magnificent, and the ſtreets more

filled

filled with people, that ſleep all the day, and walk about at night in the habit of ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes. The citizens, who make but an indifferent appearance, and are gloomy and ill-dreſſed in the morning, aſſume in the evening an air of feſtivity, neatneſs and gaiety. In ſome quarters of the town are conſtantly to be ſeen garlands, and lamps ranged in artful order round the image of a ſaint, or a virgin *Mary*, which is honoured by ſongs, and ſquibs, and even by dancing. Every ſtreet is furniſhed with little portable ſhops, adorned with ivy, lamps and ſlices of water-melon. The red at the inſide of theſe fruits, the verdure, and the lights which ſurround them, and the harangues by which the perſon that ſells them, allures cuſtomers, make an amuſing ſight as difficult to be imagined as deſcribed *. Theſe wandering crowds dreſſed in white, whoſe conſtant nocturnal rambles prove the pleaſure they take in them, make me compare them to the happy ſhades in the *Elyſian* fields. Sometimes we take a walk for half an hour by moon-light to the colonnade of St. *Peter*'s. On one ſide, the *Vatican* riſes upon the neighbouring mount: The trees which are ſeen on the other

* The manner in which the fruiterers deck their ſhops at *Rome*, which is much more agreeable than at *Paris*, forms in the markets an amphitheatre, enamelled with a thouſand different colours.

other ſide acroſs the porticos, the noiſe made by the ſpouting fountains, the obeliſk which ſeparates them, the front of the temple, ſo many real wonders embelliſhed by fancy, in fine the pleaſing meditations which the luſtre of the ſtars inſpires us with, all together forms a moſt enchanting ſcene. But night-walks neither ſuit my weakly ſtate of health, nor are conſiſtent with the neceſſity we lie under of riſing early in the morning, to eſcape the heat, and ſatisfy our curioſity.

When gaming begins, that is to ſay, after mid-night, we quit the aſſembly. Yeſterday it was held at the princeſs *Paleſtrini*'s: Regard to truth, and not her kindneſs obliges me to tell you that the noble politeneſs of this heireſs of the *Barberini* family, ſhews her in every reſpect worthy of poſſeſſing their palace, which is the fineſt in *Rome*, next to that of the pope. At the entrance is an inverted obeliſk found at the hippodrome of *Aurelian*. It was not till the evening that I ſaw the roof, or the great ſalon, a maſter-piece of *Peter de Cortona*'s. We propoſe going in the morning to admire it as well as the library, a long catalogue of which is printed, with an account of the pictures, bronzes and ſtatues that adorn the apartments. Amongſt a thouſand others, they boaſt greatly of a buſt of *Urban* VIII. which bears a ſtrong reſemblance to him, and is the work of a blind man; an

Oſiris

Oſiris with a hawk's head, taken out of the ruins of a temple of that deity, as likewiſe a little obeliſk of granit ſtanding upon the back of an elephant, which I beheld with admiration oppoſite to the church of *Minerva*. How exquiſite a taſte is diſcovered in the public monuments of this country! This group appears to me ſo ingenious, that I was deſirous of having a garden to put it in, and permiſſion to carry it off. Vain wiſhes of a woman uſed to fictions and romance! You preſs me to tranſlate ſome pieces of *Italian* poetry. Scarce have I time to write to you in proſe; but as I now read none but *Italian* authors, this morning I happened to caſt my eye on a ſong of *Metaſtaſio*'s, which I tranſlated into *French* verſe, when I was young: I did not throw it into the fire, for I am weak enough to think the trifles which we have taken ſome trouble to ſcribble, are not without their value: I ſend it you for your ſatisfaction.

NICE, thy fickleneſs reſtores my peace,
The cares that vexed my tortured boſom ceaſe;
The Gods have broke thoſe ties, from whence aroſe
My fatal flame, and all its train of woes.

Love putting on reſentment's weak diſguiſe,
A thouſand darts in vain againſt me tries;
Unhurt

Unhurt I ceaſe to feel the amorous flame,
Nor bluſh to ſee thee, or to hear thy name.

In ſoft repoſe I paſs away the night,
No more thine image ſwims before my ſight;
No more thy rigours wound my peace of mind,
Nor pain, nor joy in viewing thee I find.

My heart unmoved thy praiſe has learnt to hear,
Thy perfidy no longer hurts my ear;
In ſtoick apathy thy form I ſee,
And my calm ſoul from jealous pangs is free.

My boſom now by cold indifference arm'd,
Nor by thy ſmiles is pleaſed, nor frowns alarm'd;
No more thy glances captivate my ſoul,
Nor does thy tongue my raviſhed ſenſe controul.

I from thy changeful humours dread no harm,
Meadows and dales can without NICE charm;
Thy preſence from the lonely woods no more
Diſpels their gloom and darkneſs, as before.

With freedom unreſerved I ſpeak my mind,
Attractions ſtill in NICE's form I find;

But

But there perfection I no longer trace,
I ſee defects in that once matchleſs face.

When firſt I broke my chain, I own with
ſhame,
My ſoul ſeem'd parting from its earthly
frame;
Still I would boldly every danger brave,
To end the woes I ſuffer'd whilſt thy ſlave.

The heedleſs bird caught in the fowler's
ſnare,
May well ſome uſeleſs gaudy feathers ſpare,
Freedom to gain, to wing the yielding ſky,
And from the net with prudent caution fly.

So oft I tell thee, that I love no more,
Thou'lt think perhaps I ſtill thy charms
adore;
NICE not ſo, but toſt by adverſe fate,
Our dangers paſt with pleaſure we relate.

The ſoldier from a thouſand battles ſav'd,
Recounts the perils that he nobly brav'd;
The ſlave, when once from bondage vile ſet
free,
Rattles his chains, and boaſts his liberty.

To pleaſe myſelf my ſorrows I bewail;
I care not if thou doſt approve my tale;
If thou doſt frown or ſmile upon my lays,
Severely criticiſe, or give me praiſe.

Who

Who loſes moſt, when thus at laſt we part?
I loſe a perjur'd, thou a conſtant heart;
NICE will never meet a ſwain ſo kind,
And I a nymph more fickle ne'er can find.

LETTER XXIV.

Rome, Auguſt 5, 1757.

I AM obliged to my Mother for her apprehenſions, with regard to the fatigue and the heat of ſummer which I am obliged to bear.

Encourage her, dear Siſter; exerciſe gives me new ſtrength, and heat diſſipates my meagrims. The air of *Rome* agrees perfectly with my conſtitution: You follow us at a diſtance; why do you not in fact accompany us in our ramble? You would yeſterday have had an opportunity of ſeeing the mount that inſpired the pagans with dread, on account of the oracles of the God *Vaticanus*, who gave his name to the palace built by Pope *Simmacus*, and embelliſhed by *Sixtus* V. The bulls which were there publiſhed by our pontiffs, formerly made the kings of *Europe* tremble;

at

at preſent they receive them with great reſpect, but leſs fear. This immenſe pile of buildings painted by the greateſt maſters, lies waſte for want of inhabitants. The popes have removed all the furniture from it, and left it for the *Quirinal*; but the library inſtead of falling to decay, recovers all its former luſtre by means of the illuſtrious patron of literature, who has the care of it. His eminence was ſo good as to accompany me thither, and invited us to dine at his apartment of *Belvedere*. You may form a judgment of the beauty of its ſituation from the name. In order to avoid the heat, and that we might be able to make the longer ſtay, we repaired thither by break of day. My attention was firſt taken up with admiring the vaſt number of books and manuſcripts, which have been depoſited there in a long ſucceſſion of time, and with great care and expence. Though I had been apprized of the length of the galleries, the ſurprize occaſioned in me by their order, and by the paintings of the pillars which ſupport the immenſe extent of the vault, was ſufficiently expreſſed by my voluntary ſilence. As ſoon as I recovered the uſe of my voice, I requeſted his eminence to beſtow me a tent, that I might paſs my life in this delightful place. My tranſport pleaſed him the more, as I was partly indebted for it to him. In purſuance of his directions, the

the wooden preſſes without ornament, which held the books, and covered the walls, with the pillars by which the vaults are ſupported, are now painted in the ſame manner as the roofs and window ſhutters. Theſe literary treaſures are not expoſed to public view, as at the king's library at *Paris*. They keep them out of ſight the better to preſerve them. M. *Aſſemani* has the care of the books and manuſcripts in the oriental languages; M. *Bottari* of thoſe in the Italian and latin tongues. M. *Gulielmi*, the ſublibrarian, made me a preſent of his fine tranſlation of the *Electra* of *Euripides*: He likewiſe ſhewed me, amongſt the ſixteen thouſand manuſcripts entruſted to his care, a *Pliny* with figures of all the different animals deſcribed by that author; a manuſcript of *Terence*, written in the fifth century, and adorned with his picture, and the maſks of the comedians; a pompous edition of *Taſſo*, whoſe tomb is to be ſeen at St. *Onulphus*'s church upon the hill *Ianiculum*; a *Virgil* of the age of *Septimus Severus*, without any ſtops: His tranſlator *Annibal Caro*, and our famous *Pouſſin*, lie interred at St. *Lawrence*'s church, which in antient days was the temple of *Juno*. If it was impoſſible to copy theſe curious manuſcripts, or if the Popes alone were in poſſeſſion of them, as the *Medici* family of their *Venus*, or certain

tain ſovereigns of ſingle medals, how would his holineſs's Muſæum ſurpaſs all others! luckily we have it in our power to tranſcribe excellent authors forever without doing them any injury. The copy is always as valuable as the original; this is a great advantage which poetry has over her ſiſter arts.

The *Vatican* library increaſed by that of the Dukes of *Urbino*, and *Chriſtina* Queen of *Sweden*, contains a vaſt quantity of medals and *Tuſcan* vaſes, which were beſtowed upon it by *Clement* XII. There is to be ſeen there a pillar of tranſparent alabaſter, hollowed with a ſpiral line, five palms in circumference, which is a precious remnant of the oval temple dedicated to *Venus* near the gardens of *Salluſt*. You may well think that Cardinal *Paſſionei*, by having the uſe of ſuch a library, may be diſpenſed from having one of his own: It is quite the reverſe, he has a library worthy of a ſovereign. He calls it his wife, there never was one better furniſhed. His learned curioſity, and inſatiable deſire of knowledge make him collect, in a variety of different languages, the beſt editions of *France*, *England* and *Holland*. Five large halls are covered with them from top to bottom, and can no longer receive the annual ſupply made by the Cardinal. Beſides the choice collection of printed books

and manuſcripts, that part of the *Quirinal* palace which holds them, is in a ſituation which anſwers to the beauty of the inſide. The Pope's apartments are on the right; they command a proſpect of the country, and the centre of the palace preſents to the view two marble horſes, from which this place takes the name of *Monte Cavallo*. *Tiridates* king of *Armenia* made a preſent of them to *Nero*; and *Sixtus* V. took them from this very mount, where *Conſtantine* formerly had his baths. It appears from a Greek inſcription that they are the works of *Phidias* and *Praxiteles*: The *literati* doubt of this, yet admire them notwithſtanding. This proſpect is a great embelliſhment to the *Paſſionei* library. The apartment which is moſt uſed by his eminence, and beſt known to him, is this *Muſeum*, the order of which delights the eye. Its treaſures are not ſhut up in cheſts, as at the *Vatican*: They are expoſed to the inſpection of the curious. The maſter who poſſeſſes them, has read them all, and has them freſh in his memory. Retentive memories always ſurpriſe me, becauſe my own is treacherous. I am afraid I ſhall forget many curious particulars, which my *Ciceroni* * inform me of from

* By this apellation the perſons who ſhew the curioſities of *Rome* to ſtrangers are called.

from time to time; but I have hurried you to the *Quirinal* by this digreſſion, let us now return to the *Vatican*.

After dinner we ſaw the wonders of the court of *Belvidere*, which are placed in niches in the wall. They are covered by doors, which can be opened at pleaſure. We there behold the beautiful *Antinous*, favourite of *Adrian*, a *Venus* riſing from the bath found under the church of St. *Peter* and St. *Marcellinus*, the *Laocoon* dug out of the ruins of the palace of *Titus**, a maſter-piece, as we are told by *Pliny*, with which *Antenodorus* and *Polyderus* embelliſhed the baths of that Emperor; an admirable ſtatue of *Apollo*, diſcovered in *Adrian*'s vineyard, near *Tivoli*, and ſaid to be the work of a genius. Mortals find it difficult to form their own likeneſſes in marble, how then can they give it a celeſtial expreſſion? In the ſame place, art diſplays to the view a large vat of granit, ſixty feet in circumference, and the figures of the *Tiber* and the *Nile* in baſaltes ſtone; we are told by the ſame *Pliny*, that *Veſpaſian* placed the figure of this *Egyptian* river in the temple of Peace. The children who play about it, mark its different increaſes: In the time of *Adrian* it roſe to ſixteen cubits; this made the year prove the more plentiful.

* The beautiful ſtatue of *Meleager*, belonging to the palace of *Piccini*, comes from the ſame place.

To perpetuate the memory of this foundation, a medal was ſtruck by the inhabitants of *Alexandria*. The figures of theſe rivers, which were found near the *Minerva*, were imitated by *Couſtou* at the *Tuilleries*. It is to be feared that this fine garden may one day have the fate of the *Vatican*, which was famous in the laſt century, but is now in ruins. It is neglected by the Popes who inhabit it no longer. There is ſtill to be ſeen there a little ſea, where an armed galley ſails about; the water which it moves with impetuoſity on every ſide, and its cannons make a loud noiſe; and the lofty artificial rock upon which the veſſel is ready to be wrecked, pours out torrents on every ſide. In caſe of an inſurrection, the Popes can paſs from the *Vatican* by a long covered gallery, and find a place of refuge at the mauſoleum of *Adrian*, which was formerly adorned with ſeven hundred ſtatues. Pope *Gregory* I. ſaw at the ſummit a celeſtial figure, which brought intelligence, that the plague was going to ceaſe; immediately hereupon inſtead of a brazen pine apple, in which the aſhes of the Emperor *Adrian* were depoſited, this Pope placed an angel there, called the great tower the caſtle of St. *Angelo*, and gave the ſame name to the neighbouring bridge, commonly called the *Ælian* bridge. Baluſtrades of iron, made in the form of cords

cords faſtened together by knots, ſerve as parapets to it, and ſupport the ſtatues of St. *Peter* and St. *Paul*, and ten marble angels done by the beſt ſculptors. I aſcended that fortreſs, from whence the eye diſcovers the whole country round about, and the buildings of the city. The grand appearance of *Rome* adds greatly to the pomp of public feſtivals. The inundation of the ſquare of *Navonne* furniſhed us a Sunday's amuſement, which ſurpaſſed my expectation. Before I deſcribe it to you, I will give you a ſketch of the place.

At the centre of a long ſquare of a demoliſhed *Circus*, Cavalier *Bernini* formed a fountain, adorned with four gigantic figures of rivers leaning againſt a rock, which is cleft ſo, as to let the light through, and ſupports notwithſtanding a great obeliſk of *Caracalla*'s *Circus* *. Two ſpouting fountains ſomewhat lower, made by *Michael Angelo*, accompany at equal diſtances that in the centre; the nobleſt churches and palaces ſurround the ſquare. The portal of St. *Agnes* is its chief ornament;

* It is ſtill to be ſeen upon the coins of this Emperor. Six chariots could run there in a breaſt. Near St. *Sebaſtian*'s gate, the circumference is marked by the ruins of the the porticos, and by a wall high enough to lean upon, which is erected in the middle, called *ſpina*. A charioteer to win the prize was obliged to drive ſeven times round this without touching the boundary, or overſetting the chariot of his adverſary.

ment; the inſide of the church is equal in magnificence to the outſide: Marble, bronzes and gildings on all ſides cover the walls, the workmanſhip of which diſcovers as much art as that of the moſt elegant ſnuff-box. The wainſcot, inſtead of being painted, is formed of figures carved in marble, where the gradation of colours is very obſervable. On the days upon which the holy ſacrament is expoſed to public view, the great number of wax-candles, and a diamond ſun upon an altar of maſſy ſilver, force the dazzled ſpectator to ſhut his eyes, while the enchanting muſick makes this little houſe of God give us a foretaſte of the felicity of the heavenly manſions. The princes *Pamphili* have enriched it at their own expence, and built it near their palace to ſerve as a chapel to it. The moſt profane places are here ſanctified with the moſt ſumptuous ornaments. The ſubterraneous chapel of the church, ſerved as a place of retreat to the *Pagan* courtezans; there St. *Agnes* was condemned to loſe her virginity. I do not know whether it is in imitation of the antients, that ſea-fights are now exhibited in the agonal circus, called the ſquare of *Navonne*; but every Sunday of the preſent month, the three fountains being turned into this long and hollow ſquare, in an hour's time form a lake, which does not quite reach to the houſes:

houſes: The remaining ſpace is filled with four or five rows of ſpectators. The coaches form a circle in the water round theſe fountains; the windows adorned with tapeſtry, where ſuch ladies as are afraid to venture upon the water, take a diſtant view of the ſea-fight, and diſplay their finery, embelliſh this ſpectacle: To give it the greater variety, the other day, a ſtag was let looſe, purſued by dogs: One end of the ſquare which is dry, where puppet-ſhews are exhibited, and where pedlars and mountebanks offer their drugs to ſale; the ſhouts of the people, and even the voices of preachers who exhort them to chriſtian moderation; this odd jumble of objects, which muſt certainly be highly agreeable to the people of this country, becauſe they renew it every year; all this together has a novelty in it, which is highly entertaining to ſtrangers.

This image of the *Roman* ſports,
To which the rabble here reſorts;
Enchants, and elevates the mind
Of men to ancient lore inclin'd.

I ſhould like to ryme a little longer upon ſo ſtriking a ſubject; but ſleep overpowers me, and I might perhaps communicate it to you by too tedious a narrative. Farewell.

LET-

LETTER XXV.

Rome, Auguſt 22, 1757.

Dear Siſter,

YOU complain that I give you no account of the capitol*; I went thither yeſterday on purpoſe, that I might be able to ſay ſomething to you of it, for a farther account you muſt rummage your library. It will aſtoniſh you that there ſhould remain nothing of the antient fortreſs of the famous Jupiter *Capitolinus*, and of fifty places mentioned by the antients, except one, a priſon in the reign of *Tullus Hoſtillius*, which is at preſent a chapel.

The

* The firſt of the *Goths* who ſacked *Rome*, was *Alaric* in four hundred and ten at the time of *Honorius*; the ſecond was *Genſeric* King of the *Vandals*. In the year five hundred *Theodoric* took it, and ruined it. Fifty years after *Totila* burned the capitol and one half of the town, which he reduced to a deſert. The combatants mutilated the ſtatues, in order to throw the arms and heads of them at each other, like ſtones. In the barbarous ages it was cuſtomary to deſtroy the moſt beautiful edifices, in order to lay the foundation of cottages.

The new capitol built by *Michael Angelo*, has the antient for its foundation. At the foot of the vaſt ſtair-caſe, which leads to it, are to be ſeen two fountains ſupplied by ſphynxes; and two great horſes of marble *, held by *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, crown it. Upon the baluſtrade, which encloſes the area oppoſite to the palace, are to be ſeen the trophies of *Marius*, the column that marked the firſt mile of the *Via Appia*, and marble ſtatues of the Sons of *Conſtantine*. The equeſtrian ſtatue of *Marcus Aurelius* in gilt bronze, dug up near the church of St. *John* of *Lateran*, where ſtood the houſe of his anceſtor *Verus*, marks the centre of the ſquare. Judge of the admirable workmanſhip of this ſtatue. When *Carlo Maratti* ſaw it, he ſtopped ſhort, and paſſing by it again, ſaid to the horſe? "What are you ſtill at the ſame place? Why do you not move? Have you forgot that you are a living creature?" Two marble figures of rivers, and one ſtatue of *Rome* in porphyry, adorn a fountain that leans againſt the double ſtair-caſe of this palace, in which the Senator reſides; the police of the city is partly under his juriſdiction, and partly under that of the governor of *Rome*; this office is at preſent filled by the Cardinal *Monti*, brother of the Marquis *Monti*, who

* Found near the *Tyber*, in the quarter of the city poſſeſſed by the *Jews*.

who is colonel of an *Italian* regiment in *France*. Count *Bielk*, whoſe lady you have ſeen at *Paris*, a native of *Sweden*, and a man of great merit, enjoys the title of *Senator* ever ſince he abjured *Lutheraniſm*.

Pope *Corſini* deſerves the higheſt praiſes for having brought together, and ranged in order in the buildings on each ſide of the court, the moſt precious remains of antiquity. The learned *Ficoroni* and *Locatelli* have given an account of them, as has likewiſe M. *Botari* in his MUSEUM CAPITOLINUM. *Benedict* XIV. continued this collection, which is divided into ſeveral parcels; one contains the *Egyptian* figures, another the urns, tombs, buſts of philoſophers, and of the *Roman* Emperors, from *Cæſar* down to *Conſtantine*. Curious ſtatues and columns, ſuch as that of the dying gladiator; *Cicero* with his wart; and the wolf which ſuckled *Romulus* and *Remus*, marked by the ſtroke of a thunderbolt, of which mention is made in the *Catilinarian* orations, adorn one of the galleries in figures of braſs.

They are now engraving the chronological tables of the *Roman* conſuls in marble; which were found amidſt a heap of ruins, that are encruſted in theſe walls. There are likewiſe to be ſeen in the ſame place ſeveral baſſo-relievo's, calculated to explain the ceremonies of the antient ſacrifices, and the plan of old *Rome*, ſuch as it was in the

the time of *Septimus Severus*, ſketched out upon twenty marble tables; theſe were found under the temple of *Romulus*, which is now a church conſecrated to St. *Come* and St. *Damien*. *Paſquin* is a mutilated antique ſtatue *, which ſtands in a quarter of the town where four ſtreets meet. That of *Marforio* ſerves as a fountain at that wing of the capitol which I have been deſcribing. The left wing contains the admirable works of great painters. Under the lower portico is to be ſeen the meaſure of liquids, and of the antient foot, a mould of which M. *de la Condamine* has depoſited in the king's cabinet. Under the ſame portico are two feet and a hand belonging to a coloſſal ſtatue of *Apollo* thirty cubits high, repreſented near the temple of *Peace*, upon the reverſe of a medal of *Veſpaſian*. You ſhould not be ſurpriſed at this, for the coloſſus of *Nero*, from which the *Coliſeo* takes its name, was a hundred and twenty feet high. The haughty *Romans*, in order to aggrandize themſelves as much as poſſible, enlarged their ſtature, and even went ſo far as to arrogate to themſelves divine honours. Chriſtianity

* It derives this name from a taylor who lived in that quarter, and was a famous buffoon; and that of *Marforio* is derived from the field of *Mars*. It was formerly a cuſtom to ſtick libellous papers upon theſe ſtatues; and though the cuſtom is aboliſhed, ſatires of this nature are ſtill called paſquinades.

Chriſtianity inſpires humbler ſentiments; but our modern reaſoners, not ſatisfied with our preſent degraded ſtate, would fain reduce us to a level with the beaſts. I do not ſee how they can be gainers thereby; the philoſophy of *Cicero*, on the contrary, elevates and conſoles the mind. Upon this very mount, where that conſul raviſhed the ſenate by his eloquence, is the church of *Ara Cœli*, which was made of a temple of *Jupiter*. We aſcend to it by the hundred broad ſteps of white marble, which led to the temple of *Quirinus* upon the quirinal, from whence they were torn up in the fourteenth century.

As we deſcend from the capitol, the remains of the theatre of *Marcellus* built by *Balbus*, offer themſelves to our view; it ſerves as an incloſure to the palace of Cardinal *Orſini*. His eminence is poſſeſſed of a ſumptuous palace, a great name, and illuſtrious rank; and his beauty, youth and wealth give him the full enjoyment of them. I took the liberty to tell him, that no man's happineſs ſurpaſſes his. He has a high rank in the church, without the conſtraint of being in holy orders; he is attached to the world by the moſt pleaſing bands, two fine children conſole his widowhood; his ſon diſtinguiſhes himſelf by the great progreſs he makes in his ſtudies; his daughter, married to the prince of *Piombino*

in

in the fourteenth year of her age, compoſed and repeated at the academy *degli Arcadi*, poems which would have met with applauſe, even if ſhe had been leſs handſome, and of a leſs illuſtrious family. This young dutcheſs of *Arcé*, from whom I receive a thouſand civilities, becauſe I have a knack at ſcribling verſes, was a few days ago invited to a grand entertainment, which the abbe *de Canillac* gave at a pleaſant *Villa* belonging to the *Farneſe* family, on the *Janiculum*, where he is permitted to reſide. From thence we ſaw the annual fire-works played off at the caſtle of St. *Angelo*, at the ceremony of the Pope's coronation. At St. *Peter*'s we were charmed with a near view of it; upon the mount a diſtant proſpect of it raviſhed us: I do not know which view pleaſed me moſt; but from the place which I am now deſcribing to you, *Rome* ſhews itſelf with a moſt enchanting appearance. We arrived early enough to admire it in the day time. The magnificent Salon in which we were, forms an angle, from whence the windows preſent ſeveral proſpects reflected by the glaſſes. We behold on one ſide the country and the *Appenine* mountains, ſome of the moſt diſtant ſummits of which retain their ice even in the midſt of ſummer; on the other ſide the city is to be ſeen ſo plainly that one can even perceive people walking in the ſtreets. There is no where

to

to be ſeen a more ſurpriſing ſight, not only for the magnificence of the domes, obeliſks, pillars and palaces; but for the manner in which theſe edifices are ranged. The ſeven or rather nine little hills which ſupport them, increaſe their extent by diſplaying them in the form of an amphitheatre. The pine trees belonging to the gardens of one houſe, ſeem to iſſue from the roofs of another. All objects are here equally conſpicuous, none interfere, and their principal charm ſprings from their variety. The object neareſt the Salon where we were, is a fountain which Pope *Paul* V. ordered to be taken out of the lake *Bracciano*, when he cauſed the aqueduct of *Auguſtus* to be repaired for twelve leagues. Five arches of fine marble, pierced through and through, give us an opportunity of ſeeing the verdure, and ſpout five different ſtreams into a lake made by art to receive them, the water of which ſinks under ground, and ſpouts up again in the public ſquares by twenty fountains. In the evening we ſaw them ſhine with the light of rockets. The river *Tyber* alſo reflected the image of the fires, which were darted up to the ſky; and the light given by the lamps of the city, formed a regular and beautiful illumination. I ſend you an account only of my pleaſures, and paſs over in ſilence the fatigues, and the heat which parch me up, and

and the gnats by which I am devoured. Our auditor of the *Rota* is ſo kind as to attempt to deliver us from this plague, by offering us a lodging in his magnificent palace. It gives us ſome uneaſineſs to accept his civility; I am apprehenſive of being troubleſome to him, and laying myſelf under ſome conſtraint: He is abſolutely determined upon removing me from a place, where I am expoſed to the ſcorching heat of the meridian ſun; if we accept of this offer, it cannot be till our return from *Naples*, which city we propoſe viſiting next month.

Before I conclude my letter, I muſt give you a ſhort account of the church of the *Carthuſians*, which I viewed this morning. It was formed by a gallery belonging to the baths of *Dioclesian*. The ſame columns of twenty three palms * in circumference, and of the fineſt granit, the ſame walls which ſupported theſe profane places, raiſe this ſacred vault to the ſkies. The original works of great painters, imitated at St. *Peter*'s in *Moſaic* †, are its only ornaments. The

* The *Roman* palm is ten inches long.

† This art of rendering them perpetual, is there in ſuch perfection, that one muſt almoſt touch the picture, to perceive that it is made of parcels of coloured enamel, incruſted in maſtick, ſurrounded by a wooden frame. A large apartment near St. *Peter*'s veſtry contains a hundred drawers, full of theſe cubes, which are almoſt imperceptible, and ranged according to their different ſhades in an admirable order:

The fine proportions, a noble ſimplicity, a majeſtic ſilence, a light which gives the ſpectator an opportunity of contemplating all objects at his leiſure *; the love of antiquity which has poſſeſſed my imagination, all theſe together have enchanted me to ſuch a degree, as to make me prefer this vaſt temple, to all the magnificence of St. *Peter*'s, the inſide of which is, I think overcharged with ornaments. I am not ſpeaking of the colonnade; the ſacred place which I ſo greatly admire, has no ſuch ornaments before it. The remnant of the baths, the foundations of which ſtill exiſt, and ſeveral walls of which are to be ſeen in the incloſure of the convent, form a large ſquare terminated by four rotundas; one ſerves as a church for the Monks of St. *Bernard*; the other as a public granary; the third is half demoliſhed; the fourth entirely ſo.

der: The more dimunitive the pieces are, the more perfect and compleat is the workmanſhip. The other day I adviſed the beſt artiſt in this way to go to *Paris*: He is of opinion that he would not be ſufficiently employed by the public; and his labour is too dear for individuals. The antients with great ſucceſs made uſe of little ſtones taken from the montains, like thoſe in the famous *Moſaic* work of *Paleſtrina*, of which the Abbe *Barthelemi* has promiſed us a deſcription. But is it to be imagined, that theſe ſhades and colours can exhibit an exact imitation of the niceſt figures of *Raphael*, which are perhaps as laſting in *Moſaic* work, as ſtatues of braſs?

* The antients burned up lamps in their temples on account of their darkneſs, which are ſtill uſed in our churches, though there is no occaſion for them.

ſo. Theſe baths had three thouſand marble ſeats for the people in large halls, where water-works, painting and ſculpture on every ſide engaged the eye. This was the place for all the amuſements of the emperors; hippodromes, theatrical entertainments, libraries, wreſtling, &c. Notwithſtanding the vaſt extent of *Rome*, the number of places of meer entertainment, with which it abounded is aſtoniſhing. Formerly it had two hundred temples; yet modern *Rome* contains double the number of churches, and the antients could never boaſt of any as ſpacious as thoſe of St. *Peter*, St. *Paul* and many others. The fountains and public ſquares likewiſe take up a great deal of ground. Perhaps the beauties of modern *Rome*, are not inferior to thoſe of the antient: I ſhall here preſent you with ſome elegant lines upon the ſubject.

Qui miſeranda videt veteris veſtigia Romæ
Hic potiert meritò dicere, Roma fuit.
Et qui celſa novæ ſpectat Palatia Romæ,
Hic poterit meritò dicere Roma viget.

This queen of cities is as well worth ſeeing under as above ground. The ſubterraneous labyrinth of the cloacas and conduits of water, which I have ſeen only in deſcription, forms a town of

which I will bring you a plan, together with that of the baths of *Diocleſian*, in the conſtruction of which, forty thouſand chriſtians were forty years employed. This emperor had likewiſe a palace at *Spalatro* in *Dalmatia*, in the third century; there are ſtill moſt beautiful remains of it to be ſeen: He greatly delighted in his retirement at *Salona*, the place of his nativity; having voluntarily reſigned the imperial dignity in order to cultivate his garden.

I gladly take pen in hand again, in order to tranſlate the above cited latin verſes.

He who the ruins of old *Rome*
Surveys, may well deplore her doom;
But who theſe buildings once has view'd,
May ſay, here ancient *Rome*'s renew'd.

LETTER XXVI.

Rome, December 7, 1757.

Dear Sifter,

I Highly approve of the life we lead here; Feaſts are not frequent, and that renders indigeſtions uncommon.

Per mangiar aſſai, convien mangiar poco.

In order to eat a great deal, one ſhould eat moderately.

The ſtrongeſt ſtomach is unable to bear the number, and the delicacies of the *Paris* ſuppers. People of the beſt conſtitutions are deſtroyed by them. The liſtleſneſs which reigns at theſe meals prepared by vanity, makes us eat meerly for amuſement, and the diverſity of exquiſite diſhes turns them into poiſon. The ſize of the table determines the number of gueſts, and prevents ſuch as are not invited from viſiting at ſupper time. In this country ſtran-

which I will bring you a plan, together with that of the baths of *Diocleſian*, in the conſtruction of which, forty thouſand chriſtians were forty years employed. This emperor had likewiſe a palace at *Spalatro* in *Dalmatia*, in the third century; there are ſtill moſt beautiful remains of it to be ſeen: He greatly delighted in his retirement at *Salona*, the place of his nativity; having voluntarily reſigned the imperial dignity in order to cultivate his garden.

I gladly take pen in hand again, in order to tranſlate the above cited latin verſes.

He who the ruins of old *Rome*
Surveys, may well deplore her doom;
But who theſe buildings once has view'd,
May ſay, here ancient *Rome*'s renew'd.

LETTER XXVI.

Rome, December 7, 1757.

Dear Siſter,

I Highly approve of the life we lead here; Feaſts are not frequent, and that renders indigeſtions uncommon.

Per mangiar aſſai, convien mangiar poco.

In order to eat a great deal, one ſhould eat moderately.

The ſtrongeſt ſtomach is unable to bear the number, and the delicacies of the *Paris* ſuppers. People of the beſt conſtitutions are deſtroyed by them. The liſtleſneſs which reigns at theſe meals prepared by vanity, makes us eat meerly for amuſement, and the diverſity of exquiſite diſhes turns them into poiſon. The ſize of the table determines the number of gueſts, and prevents ſuch as are not invited from viſiting at ſupper time. In this country ſtran-

gers are better received, and more agreeably amuſed. The ſeveral refreſhments ſerved at the aſſemblies delight the taſte, and do not injure the health; there is plenty for whoever deſires them, ſo that the greatneſs of the crowd occaſions no manner of inconveniency: A card table, and an additional armed chair, is all that is requiſite. In this numerous circle it is more eaſy to form a particular party for converſation: The ladies there diſplay to the eyes of a greater number of beholders their charms and their dreſs; and the men more eaſily dicern thoſe who deſerve the prize of beauty. The long *Roman* halls always leave ſufficient room for large companies. The princeſs *Borgheſe* is poſſeſſed of a palace worthy of theſe brilliant aſſemblies, and receives her gueſts in the politeſt manner. A hundred pillars of granit ſupport the porticos, with which her court-yard is ſurrounded. There are ſaid to be two thouſand original pieces of painting by the beſt in her apartments.

The palace of *Ruſpoli*, which is adorned with a noble ſtair-caſe of marble, and a prodigious number of ſtatues; that of *Bracciano*, which is enriched with a cabinet of medals belonging to *Chriſtina* queen of *Sweden*; and the palace of *Corſini*, where that famous queen formerly lived, are equally

equally calculated to draw together numerous aſſemblies. The laſt which lies beyond the *Tyber*, has been much embelliſhed ſince the death of the heroine of the north. The exquiſite taſte and magnificence of the furniture, anſwers to the vaſt extent of the buildings. The cardinal occupies the apartment in which the queen formerly lay. His learned librarian, and his library, that contains thirty thouſand volumes, to which the public is allowed free acceſs, are well worthy of notice. Beſides a vaſt quantity of curious latin and greek manuſcripts, there are to be ſeen in that library, *Chineſe* books printed at *Pekin*; the hiſtory of the Caliphs; two collections of ſongs of gallantry, written with the utmoſt delicacy of taſte; and a *Turkiſh* and *Arabic* lexicon printed at *Conſtantinople*. In the preface the emperor *Achmet* III. is highly praiſed, becauſe at the ſolicitation of the Vizir *Ibrahim*, backed by the authority of the Mufti, his highneſs declared to the Muſſulmen, that printing was not forbid by their religion. The collection of the *Corſini* prints, contains three hundred ſelect volumes. The ſpacious gardens of the palace, are ſomewhat in the *French* taſte; and a circus of turf, where the members of the academy *degli Arcadi* ſometimes aſſemble, forms there an agreeable proſpect, and renews the antient cuſtom of ſinging ſongs publickly in the

open air: There is nothing wanting but a flute to accompany them.

You may perhaps think that theſe walks are ſufficient for theſe princes; it is quite the reverſe: They have at a little diſtance a delightful country ſeat, and many more farther removed from each other. In order to take a view of all theſe fine villas at a ſingle glance, we early in the morning mounted *Trajan*'s column by a hundred and eighty-five marble ſteps, which are eaſily aſcended, and wind in the form of a ſcrew in the inſide. By an order of the ſenate, *Apollodorus* adorned the middle of *Trajan*'s market with it, ſurrounded the place with piazzas and triumphal arches, and encloſed the aſhes of this father of his people in a large brazen ball, with which he crowned the monument. It is in height twenty fathoms, and conſiſts of twenty three blocks of marble, placed upon each other horizontally, upon which the victories of the emperor over the *Daci* are repreſented in baſſo relievo. Our pontiffs have removed the ſtatue of this ſovereign of the world, to ſet in its place that of St. *Peter*, who ſubdued the nations in a different manner. That of St. *Paul* is in the ſquare of *Colonna*, upon a pillar ſtill higher, and of the ſame form: This was the mauſoleum of the emperor *Antoninus*. I contemplate it every day with new pleaſure, and new aſtoniſhment. How much does

ſuch

ſuch a height ſurpaſs our imagination! My idea of the *Romans* was greatly increaſed by a view of their public edifices. Though we read upon this pedeſtal the following inſcription, *columnam hanc omni impietate expurgatam Sancto Apoſtolo Paulo vel Petro.* "This pillar was purified from all impiety by St. *Paul* or St. *Peter.*" The illuſtrious actions of theſe emperors engraved in ſpiral lines round their monuments, conſtantly put us in mind that they were erected in their honour. The *Egyptian* obeliſks are alſo crowned with a croſs; but the heiroglyphics in honour of *Iſis* and *Oſiris* ſtill ſubſiſt. The higheſt is that which fronts St. *John* of *Lateran* *. It is a hundred and eight feet in height, was taken from the great circus † by Pope *Sixtus* V. conſecrated to the ſun in *Egypt*, and removed to *Rome* by *Conſtantine*.

Before the ſuperb baſilica of the greater St. *Mary*, built upon a temple of *Lucina*, ſtands a fluted pillar of four fathoms in thickneſs, taken by *Paul* V. from the famous temple of Peace, and purified from paganiſm by a ſtatue of the bleſſed virgin, which

* An antient and rich church, where under a magnificent chapel Pope *Corſini* repoſes in an urn of porphyry, found under a portico of the *Pantheon*.

† Erected by *Tarquin*, and ſurrounded with porticos by *Auguſtus*, ſo as to hold above two thouſand ſpectators.

terminates it. One of the two obeliſks that adorned the gate of the mauſoleum of *Auguſtus* *, was alſo erected oppoſite to the other porch, by the direction of *Sixtus* V. to whom modern *Rome* is indebted for a great part of her ſplendour.

My ſoul naturally ſoars to the heavens; curioſity impels me to aſcend the pyramids; and it is with reluctance I viſit ſubterraneous caverns. The other day we took a fancy to viſit the catacombs at St. *Sebaſtian*: What a diſmal walk muſt it be, which is in extent forty eight miles, and conſiſts of a labyrinth of narrow, dark, humid alleys, lined with tombs incruſted in the walls! I immediately returned back; even the ſeven halls, which are the reſervoirs of *Titus*'s baths, a ſort of walk built in regular rows, chilled me with cold, inſtead of giving me any pleaſure. I gladly ſtop upon the *Palatine* hill, in the porch of the emperors at the *Farneſian* gardens, to contemplate *Agrippina* ſeated in ſuch a manner as inſpires the tranquillity

* A thick tower, part of which is ſtill ſtanding by the gate of the people. The ſtatue of *Auguſtus* terminated the five orders of porticos two hundred and fifty cubits high, by which it is ſurrounded. Above it roſe avenues of trees, which were the uſual walks of the antient *Roman* nobility, when they went to take the air in an evening upon the banks of the *Tyber*, before the incloſure made by the emperor *Aurelian*; as was likewiſe the field of *Mars*, which extended to the *Mons Capitolinus*.

tranquillity of repoſe; but I cannot prevail upon myſelf to viſit certain figures in freſco, which are kept in vaults under ground. I dread the cold of the ſubterraneous vaults of *Titus*'s palace, ſo well painted that *Raphael* copied their groteſque figures; a ſort of vulgar painting which I would gladly leave to periſh under theſe ruins. Neither did I bury myſelf under the pyramid of *Sextius*, which is a hundred feet high, and in form reſembles thoſe of *Egypt*, the plans of which beautifully coloured, are to be ſeen in one of the inner chambers. This mauſoleum touches the gate which leads to *Oſtia*. We contemplated it with admiration in our way to St. *Paul*'s, a church built by *Conſtantine*. Five iſles divide it by a hundred and fourteen *Egyptian* pillars, taken from the tomb of *Adrian*, or the baths of *Antoninus*. There remain of theſe baths entire halls, which are lofty, extenſive and numerous, but badly lighted; whether it be that the ruins make it difficult to diſcover where the light entered; or that the antients were deſirous of enjoying there a pleaſing gloomineſs. Some are of opinion that theſe places received light from holes like our cellars, or from the top through ſtones pierced with a great number of cavities, big enough to give ſufficient light; but not to let either water or inſects enter. Glaſs was formerly exceeding ſcarce,

and

and the tranſparent ſtone, called take, which was uſed for it, does not let one ſee external objects: Thus little diſadvantage roſe from not multiplying the croſs bars of windows, the extreme thickneſs of which rendered the apartments more quiet, and preſerved them from cold and heat. The *Romans* immortalized their names, not only by the bravery of their actions, but by the ſtrength and ſolidity of their walls. The materials of them are ſo good, that in rummaging ruins to come at the treaſures of art, which have been buried by the rage of barbariſm, when nothing more precious is found, the quantity of broken bricks in the foundations of the demoliſhed edifices, is a ſufficient recompence for the trouble. Theſe materials are preferred to new bricks for the conſtruction of modern buildings.

How greatly are we obliged to the deſtroyers, who buried under ground the maſter pieces of antiquity! They are often there found preſerved entire; whereas the air would have blackened and rotted them away. Antient *Rome* had, without doubt, as many pillars and ſtatues, as inhabitants. During ſo long a ſucceſſion of ages that theſe have been dug up, the curious all over Europe adorn their cabinets with them; yet they ſtill reckon ſixty thouſand ſtatues,

or buſts in the city, or the country round about it; eleven obeliſks that were found out of the twenty four, which the emperors cauſed to be tranſported thither from *Egypt**, and a thouſand pillars of jaſper, baſaltes, yellow agate, antient green agate, granit and porphyry, all of a piece. We no longer have the art of cutting this porphyry, or if we attempt it, it coſts us an infinite deal of time; and moſt of the quarries from which theſe fine pieces were taken, are loſt or exhauſted. We ſtill have hopes of finding new ones, as well as a great number of medals which are wanting. I have read ſomewhere or other, that a little medal of *Trajan*'s has on its reverſe the figure of the great *Circus*, and a proſpect of the *Palatine* mount, where the temple of *Apollo*, the ruins of which are ſtill extant, makes a great figure. Upon the coins of other emperors are to be ſeen the pillars of *Trajan* and *Antoninus*; the triumphal

* We are told by travellers, that there are ſome ſtill to be ſeen ſtanding, and others throwndown, or half cut in the quarries; eſpecially in upper *Egypt*, where there were ſome much higher than any of thoſe which were carried to *Rome*. *Seſoſtris*, contemporary of *Moſes*, invented theſe prodigious monuments three hundred years before the *Trojan* war; each of them, as we are told by *Pliny*, employed twenty thouſand men for twenty years. The obeliſk of St. *John* of *Lateran* was brought in a galley with three hundred oars. *Seneſertus*, contemporary of *Pythagoras*, cauſed it to be cut.

phal arch of *Druſus*, that of *Severus*, the temples of *Concord*, of the thundering *Jupiter*, of *Fauſtina* and *Veſta*: The agonal *Circus*, and that of *Caracalla*, the *Alian* bridge, and the coliſco upon the coins of *Titus*. Since it was ſo common a cuſtom to engrave famous monuments upon medals, and ſince we ſee upon none of them the mole of *Adrian*, the *Pantheon*, the mauſoleum of *Auguſtus*, the gilt palace of *Nero*, the baths of *Diocleſian*; it is reaſonable to conclude that a great quantity of theſe medals is buried under ground: Their impreſſion is the only thing that can give us a thorough knowledge of mutilated ſtatues and ruinous edifices. Sculpture and engraving throw a reciprocal light on each other, fix the epochas, and aſcertain the qualities of perſons and their figures: A medal of *Commodus*'s preſerves the *Farneſian Hercules*; one of *Antoninus*'s the Apollo of *Belvedere*; that of *Fauſtina*, the Venus of *Medicis*; the *Equeſtrian* ſtatue of *Marcus Aurelius* is upon one of *Lucius Verus*. Theſe four wonders, as we are told by the literati, are of the age of the *Antoninus*'s: *Pliny* would have ſpoke of them, had they been known to him. The *Antinous*, who died in the time of *Adrian* their predeceſſor, muſt have been of the ſame reign. This figure, which is not to be ſeen upon any *Camaieus*, appears upon an antient cornelian. The King

of

of *France* has a moſt compleat cabinet of medals. To enrich it ſtill farther, the Abbe *Barthelemi*, the worthy guardian of this *Muſeum*, brought three hundred from *Rome* in his laſt tour to *Italy*.

There was never any ſearch made in the *Tyber*, nor under the palaces of the emperors, nor about the capitol, from whence we ſee immenſe capitals of pillars dug up, and ſuperb columns which had been buried under ground. Moſt diſcoveries were made by accident, when workmen were digging the foundations of new buildings. Thus the earth, doubtleſs, ſtill conceals as many wonders, as all our care has hitherto diſcovered. But theſe treaſures are like thoſe of *Peru*; it is proper that we ſhould with a ſparing hand diſenter them by ſlow degrees; abundance would leſſen their value. If the great ſize, and excellent workmanſhip of the pieces of architecture and ſculpture of the *Romans* which ſtill remain, are ſtriking proofs of their grandeur; theſe pieces likewiſe prove the great dexterity and art of the *Greeks*, as the artiſts were all born amongſt that ingenious people, and their beauties and wreſtlers were the models of theſe ſtatues. With regard to the imagination theſe deſcendants of *Cadmus*, in my opinion, ſurpaſſed the whole world in all the polite arts. Their works have tranſmitted a juſt taſte, not only to the antient

tient *Romans*, but to the moderns. Nothing proves this better, than the invention and the varied magnificence of the fountains of this city. Beſides thoſe of the ſquares of *Navona*, *Trevi*, *Montorio* and St. *Peter*, of which I have already given you an account; that of the *Barberini* palace is a *Triton*, whoſe ſhell, inſtead of tranſpiercing the air with its muſick, throws up a column of water, which falls again in rain. At the piazza *di Spagna*, as the water could not aſcend, a boat ſunk underneath throws it up by the hatches. Near *Sixtus*'s bridge, the noiſe and impetuoſity of a torrent, which precipitates from an artificial rock, ſeems ready to deſtroy all before it. Not far from the convent of the *Carthuſians*, *Moſes* is repreſented as working the miracle in the old teſtament; at a ſtroke of his rod three fountains iſſue from a rock. On one ſide *Gideon* leads his army to the ſtream, formed by the ſpouting water; on the oppoſite ſide *Aaron* conducts his people; four lions of *Baſaltes* guard the entrance, two of the ſame lions formerly guarded that of the *Pantheon*.

Why have we not ſuch fine fountains at *Paris*? You will tell me that we are not ſupplied with water; this anſwer effectually ſilences me; but I am loth to quit a country ſo pregnant with wonders, and which abounds with amiable perſons, who behave

behave to me with the utmoſt kindneſs, in order to continue my journey to *Naples*. They all are ſo obliging as to give me directions with regard to my tour, and to recommend me to people that live upon the mountains, for fear if I was to travel acroſs the plain, I ſhould find it not ſufficiently purified and cleared of the unwholſome vapours gathered there by the heat. I muſt ſet out notwithſtanding; the annual rains of *September* now begin here, and the heat of the ſun is no longer as violent as it was. How did the latin poets contrive to write? They muſt, doubtleſs, have compoſed their poems either in winter, or during the night: I am ſo far from being able to write verſes by day in this country, that I find it difficult even to read. Whilſt all are aſleep at noon, and I ſtrive to ſleep in vain, my imagination feaſts itſelf with the pleaſing idea of living in places immortalized by the pens of ſo many great men. Sometimes I inſiſt upon their ſhewing me the houſes of *Cicero*, *Ovid*, *Horace*, &c. Nobody can give me the ſatisfaction I require, nor ſo much as tell me where they were interred. I ſhall ſee at leaſt that of *Virgil* in the trip I am going to give you an account of. Farewell.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

Naples, October 1, 1757.

Dear Siſter,

BEFORE our departure from *Rome*, to which city I hope ſhortly to return; it was agreed, in order to avoid the marſhy air of the ſea-ſhore, that we ſhould bend our courſe to Mount *Caſſino*, and lie every night at houſes upon the mountains. Moſt of the towns and villages of that country are ſituated upon eminences, to be out of the way of inundations, and enjoy a purer air.

We paſſed the firſt night at the country ſeat of the *Pamphili* at *Valmontone*. The next day, as we were continuing our journey in the evening, I perceived a fortreſs which aroſe above the clouds. You would be highly ſurprized, ſaid my fellow traveller to me, if we were to find a bed there. I thought it impoſſible: But it was quite the reverſe; the place was *Fronſinone*, where we were to lie that night.

We

We had already begun to wind about the rock in order to aſcend it. I ſaw ſeveral women go up and down the ſides of it, who were handſome, ſtrong, and well ſhaped; had black hair, and their heads bare and erect, crowned with a large veſſel with two handles, which they held with one hand. Morning and night theſe nymphs, without ever murmuring, or complaining, deſcend from the ſummits of theſe mountains to the river, draw water there, and reaſcend ſinging and dancing, under a load which would cruſh one of us. This proſpect, as delightful as ſurprizing, made me forget the great height I was to aſcend. The governor of the place, M. *Finochetti*, did us the honour to come out to meet us. We mutually complimented each other, as we are climbing up; but in entering the town, our wheel was entangled in ſuch a manner, that we could not diſengage it. If the ſtreet had been narrower, we muſt certainly have been overſet. At laſt we arrived on foot, at the caſtle, which is but little, on account of the narrowneſs of the platform, made by the mountain. We found there good beds, a kind hoſt, and excellent Ortolans. Theſe birds, which are exceeding little, and very fat, are in great plenty in *Italy*, at this ſeaſon. The third day we lay at a houſe, which ſtands at the foot of Mount *Caſſino*;

but at break of day the ſedan chair of the abbot, carried me in a round-about way, of a league in length, on a rough road to the monaſtery of the *Benedictines*, which has a revenue of five hundred thouſand livres a year. Their church is built with variegated marble, the figures of which are as regularly ranged and ſhaded, as the flowers of the damaſk of *Lyons*. I had forgot to aſk the Pope leave to enter the abbey; I had only an opportunity of ſeeing the architecture; praying at magnificent altars, admiring the fine pictures of the outward apartments, and the beautiful virgin by *Raphael*. The ſituation of this grand and ſumptuous ſolitude, diſcovers a wide extended landſcape, but its great height renders the objects confuſed. The life of the founder of the order, which the monks were ſo obliging as to lend me, informs us that St. *Benedict*, in the year five hundred and twenty nine, followed by his diſciples, St. *Maur* and St. *Placid*, and by three ravens which he had brought up, and the race of which (through reſpect for the ſaint) was preſerved five hundred years in the community, came upon the rock, to which they were conducted by two angels. By their command he deſtroyed a famous temple of *Apollo*, and founded an order equally famous. Where a falſe prophet had formerly preſided, he eſtabliſhed the ſeat of a true

one

one. The noiſe which his miracles made in the world, cauſed him to be viſited by *Totila* King of the *Goths*, whom he aſtoniſhed by his knowledge of futurity. Predictions make a much ſtronger impreſſion upon the human mind, than ſermons. The tomb of the founder of this order was diſcovered in the ſixteenth century, in a place where the ſanctuary of the muſes formerly ſtood. They were ſo far from being out of humour with the ſaint who overturned their altars, that their inſpiration gave occaſion to theſe verſes in his honour.

Nurſia me genuit, ſpecus obtulit alta, Caſini
Me rapuit vertex, aula beata tenet.

I paſſed a whole day in taking a view of this hoſpitable retreat, where all travellers are well received, and thought I ſhould be obliged to return to it the day following; for our horſes could not poſſibly paſs a hill, which is ſaid by calumnious tongues to be rendered unpaſſable by the monks, that pilgrims and travellers might not too frequently diſturb them with their viſits.

Oxen, which would have been better employed in drawing a plow in the valley, came to our aſſiſtance. We had not harneſs ſufficient to faſten them to the pole; inſtead of pulling the carriage forward, they toſſed it from one hedge to another; I

was under a neceſſity of coming out of it; yet I had nothing to ſhelter me from a ſcorching ſun, but a thin paraſol: I had no one to take care of me, but my chamber-maid; for every body elſe preſent was quite mad, and made a violent outcry againſt the animals, which did not however go the faſter. This ſcene laſted at leaſt two hours. Our journey for that day ended, as ill as it began; and we were obliged to paſs that night in a Muleteer's lodging, where we wanted for every thing, except dung. I was as much fatigued when I roſe, as when I lay down, and arrived at *Capua* time enough to hear maſs, where a lady in a pet-en-l'air made a very important appearance, ſupported by a gentleman-uſher in a tawdry dreſs, followed by a page forty years old, and two young footmen with long ſwords by their ſides. The equipage, and the important air of the Marchioneſs, gave me a high idea of the nobility of the country.

Not far from the hills, famous for *Falernian*, *Maſſic*, and modern *Capua wines*, ſtood the ancient city of that name. We ſaw the ruins of the gates and amphitheatres upon our way to *Cazerta*, a ſuperb palace, which his *Sicilian* Majeſty is now building. It is finiſhed to the firſt ſtory: Four large courts joined by porticos of marble, and built with four fronts of elegant architecture,

tecture, are to form the incloſure. In ten years time, it will be the moſt ſuperb palace in Europe. An aqueduct, which for its form and length may be compared to thoſe built by the *Romans*, carries thither water in abundance.

From thence an excellent road, eight miles long, leads through the moſt fertile plains to *Naples*, called by the antients *Parthenope*, from the name of a Siren, whoſe voice prevented travellers who paſſed by theſe coaſts, from thinking of the horrors of ſhipwreck. At preſent there are more Sirens, than one there; it is the country of ſongſters: We are here conveniently, and very cheaply lodged with an Engliſh gentlewoman; and our ambaſſador, the Marquiſs *d' Oſſun*, who ſhews us the utmoſt civility, is our neighbour. He lives here in the utmoſt ſplendor, beloved and reſpected both by the courtiers and the citizens. He is at preſent obliged to attend the king at *Portici*, which is two leagues diſtant from the city. To pleaſe him, all the miniſters invite us every day to dinner: So we often go this little journey upon the ſea-ſide, by a very agreeable road. At my return, I pay my reſpects to the ladies, who honour me with their viſits through reſpect for the princeſs *de Colombrano*, a great geometrician, who has ſuch a partiality for my weak genius, that ſhe is

ſo good as to be my conductreſs. The day after my arrival, I followed her to the ceremony of the knights of St. *Januarius*. The king, and all the knights of the order, had red mantles adorned with flower-de-luces, and coats and waiſcoats embroidered with ſilver and gold; this uniform, to which moſt of them add a plate of diamonds, makes a pompous and dazzling ſhew. The queen, accompanied by the young princeſſes, filled a gallery; and the ladies were ſeated below, behind the benches of the knights.

The nobility of *Naples* are numerous, and their dreſs and equipage exceeding magnificent. The city is ſaid to be ſix leagues in circumference, and to contain five hundred thouſand ſouls. Though the ſtreets are in the form of an amphitheatre, and paved with broad flat ſtones, taken from mount *Veſuvius*; the little horſes of the country are of ſuch activity, that they climb up them like goats. They are adorned with few magnificent palaces, except that of the king; but the houſes, which are regular enough, and the roofs which form terraces, produce a fine effect. *Toledo* ſtreet, where people drive about in their coaches to take the air, aſtoniſhes by its vaſt breadth, and the great crowd of paſſengers. Children of the lower claſs go entirely

tirely naked, and grown perſons but half dreſſed, on account of the heat.

The churches are more embelliſhed with plate, flowers, gildings and paintings, than with the beauties of architecture. The fountains and the obeliſks, are in a very indifferent taſte. It ſeems ſurpriſing that the beauties of *Rome* ſhould be ſo ill imitated, at fifty leagues diſtance. The temple of the holy apoſtles, built by *Conſtantine* upon the altar of falſe Gods, and painted by *Lanfranc*, preſerves the aſhes of the Cavalier *Marini*, who died in ſixteen hundred and twenty five. The churches of St. *Claire*, and the Jeſuits, are the moſt celebrated. Theſe fathers every where ſurpaſs all other orders, in the beauty of their convents, and the magnificence of their churches: That of St. *Ignatius* at *Rome*, is of an ineſtimable value: His ſtatue, which is of maſſy ſilver, is enriched with a ſtole covered with precious ſtones

I had not an opportunity to-day of ſeeing upon the mountain, the ſanctuary of the *Carthuſians*, where the famous crucifix by *Michael Angelo*, who is ſaid to have killed a man, in order to paint one the more naturally, makes a great figure. Theſe ſolitary monks do not like that the tranquillity of their retirement ſhould be diſturbed by women; notwithanding this, I have always free acceſs to their terraſs

From thence *Naples* appears to be an amphitheatre, the area of which is the ſea; and the hills that ſurround it, are the benches and decorations. Upon the ſhore, which is covered with ſhips, the waves ſometimes form to themſelves places of retreat in the earth; ſometimes the rock reſiſts their efforts, and juts out upon the water. Towards the eaſt, the air thickened with the ſmoke of mount *Veſuvius*, terminates the proſpect: On the weſt ſide, mount *Pauſilipo* engages the attention, by the magnificence of the gardens and buildings that cover it. The iſlands of *Iſchia*, *Procida* and *Caprea*, in the laſt of which, *Tiberius* abandoned himſelf to voluptuouſneſs, and *Auguſtus* ſometimes indulged his repoſe, appear at a diſtance. That we might have the better view of theſe objects, we aſcended to the top of the convent upon the roof of the caſtle of St. *Elme*. I was quite fatigued when I came down, and am fatigued now that I am writing to you; your letters are ſent to me hither; in order to anſwer them I defer the hour of ſleep; my exceſſive agitation recalls to my memory verſes which I wrote, when I was young; and notwithſtanding my fatigue, I ſhall ſet them down, as I then wrote them: When I compare my long poems, and my long voyages, I am ſurprized at the change which age produces

in

in our ſentiments. How inconſtant is human nature! I cannot conceive my own character; I have always undertaken the moſt dangerous enterpriſes, with the greateſt timidity imaginable; and living in the world with a taſte for ſolitude, I have often made melancholy reflections, and that not through capriciouſneſs of temper. Judge by the following rhymes how gloomy my ideas ſometimes were, when I was only twenty years of age.

The more I live, more I deſpiſe
What ſeems delight to vulgar eyes:
No enterprize ſhall rack my ſoul,
No anxious wiſh my peace control:
To nought but eaſe I now aſpire,
Tranquillity alone deſire.
I view alike, both praiſe and blame,
To indolence they're all the ſame.
Stranger to pomp and human pride,
My little bark I fain would glide
To the calm port, where all ſhould tend,
Where all misfortunes have an end:
Mortals with care and noiſe perplex'd,
Scarce ever find their needful reſt:
I all my life would rather doſe,
And paſs my days in calm repoſe.

Chi ben ſta, non ſi move.

He who is well ſituated, does not chuſe to move.

I have

I have proved the proverb to be falſe, for I was well, and though I have changed my place, I have no reaſon to repent.

LETTER XXVIII.

Naples, October 8, 1757.

Dear Siſter,

YOUR ſhort reflections, and thoſe of my mother, are more valuable than my long narratives; but you tell me that they amuſe you, and we ſo rarely have the ſatisfaction of pleaſing, that my ſucceſs greatly increaſes the pleaſure I have in writing to you.

If your friendſhip makes you confine your inquiries to what chiefly concerns myſelf; I on my ſide am impatient to tell you, that the people here quite ſpoil me by their exceſſive complaiſance. That you may know how much my company is courted, the Dutcheſs of St. *Theodore*, ſiſter-in-law of the Marquiſs of *Caraccioli*, whom you have ſeen at *Paris*, yeſterday, after a grand

grand entertainment, which ſhe did us the honour to invite us to, called me to her balcony, in order to ſhew me a nun, a relation of her grace, and who was deſirous of ſeeing me from her convent, which ſtood hard by. In my aſtoniſhment I made a thouſand low curtſies. This beautiful dutcheſs afterwards carried me to ſee the auguſt palace, which ſerves as a court of juſtice. The advocate broke off in the middle of his pleading, and honoured me with a compliment. You know how eaſily I am put out of countenance; the aſſembly was numerous, judge then how great was my confuſion. Every morning a marquis* of ſixty, a man both of genius and learning, ſends me liquors, perfumes, ſweet-meats, choice editions of latin, or Italian authors, and gloves made of fiſhes fins. You have taken notice of the moſs that covers certain ſhells; they have the patience to gather enough of it to ſpin, and make of it a ſort of tiſſue, which is ſofter, and warmer, and gaudier than ſilk. If I am invited to ſee a tragedy repreſented by the ſcholars belonging to any of the colleges; verſes written in my praiſe, are repeated by ſome of the performers. Sometimes we go to ſee the ceremony of taking the veil at convents; upon theſe occaſions I am ſure of receiving noſe-gays, ribbons, and the moſt polite compliments.

I am

* The Marquiſs *Fraggiani*.

I am doubtleſs, indebted for theſe favours to thoſe with which I am honoured by the princeſs my conductreſs, and by our ambaſſador. Add to this, that women, as well as the great, are flattered at random. Their capacity is greatly extolled, yet little value ſet upon it in the main. Thoſe of our own ſex through jealouſy cenſure ſuch as have any merit; thoſe of the other, aſcribe all our ſucceſs to the advice of our friends. Thus in our abſence, men indemnify themſelves for the praiſes, which their deſire of pleaſing us extorts from them in our preſence; but this ſuperfluity of praiſe, which they laviſh on us meerly through the force of habit, obliges our reaſon to retrench ſo much of it, that we do not know where to ſtop. Every beauty is a *Venus*, or a *Minerva*; every warrior a *Cæſar*, and every poet, a *Homer*. So pernicious an abuſe of terms, incapacitates us from finding proper diſtinctions to celebrate the worth of real heroes; without doubt the ſelf-love of the vulgar laviſhes them, that their ſuperiors may have no reaſon to be vain of them. But to return to our religious ceremony; young ladies here at *Naples* ſhut themſelves up in convents, juſt as at *Venice* and *Rome*, at a great expence. Thoſe who intend for the veil, aſſiſt at theſe ſacrifices in their richeſt attire, and with the appellation of ſacred ſpouſes (before

fore they commence their noviceſhip) are led about the town with great pomp and magnificence. At one of theſe ceremonies, I had the pleaſure of hearing *Cafarelli*, the hero of the two bands of muſic. Theſe choruſſes of ſingers, placed on the right and left of altars finely illuminated, convey an idea of celeſtial ſymphonies. Concerts pleaſe me more at church, than at the theatre. The vaults reverberate the ſounds in my ears, and give them additional ſoftneſs. The grand opera is not now at *Naples*. I can ſee only the immenſe hall, which has ſix rows of boxes; but we have burlettas here whoſe orcheſtra is excellent. *Naples* is the firſt city of *Italy* for good muſicians: The ſchools, which go by the appellation of *Converſatori*, ſupply all Europe with performers. We lodge oppoſite to one of theſe ſeminaries of children, who are diſqualified from ever getting any. The whole ſtreet reſounds with their concerts. The Marquiſs of *Oſſun* gave us one a few days ago, which conſiſted of a few inſtruments only, but excellent in their kind: I aſſured him that I preferred ſuch a ſelect band, to the moſt numerous ſymphonies. He was ſo polite as to entertain us again with the ſame delightful muſick at *Pouzzolo*. We began by eating oyſters upon the tomb of *Virgil*, which is ſo renowned, that people of the lower claſs have a perſuaſion

that

that the aſhes of a ſaint or a magician, are contained in it. They believe that he pierced mount *Pauſilipo* with his potent wand; and eſteem him more for that work, than for the *Æneid*, as we are informed by Mr. *Addiſon*. The following verſes, are carved upon this famous mauſoleum.

" Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope: Cecini paſcua, rura, duces.
Siſtite, viatores, quæſo, pauca legite:
Hic Maro ſitus eſt."

Under the ſhade of an ever verdant laurel, which overſpreads the ruins of this mauſoleum, the polite Abbè Liganio preſented me the following verſes.

" Dal gran Virgilio ad una pianta annoſa,
" Sacrata, quella cetra aurea pendea,
" Che cantò ſelve, armenti, e il prode Enea
" Cogli avanzi di Troja alta, e famoſa.

" Né Margellina ancor ſempre gioioſa
" Con Pauſilipo ſuo veduto avea,
" Né in queſta, o in altre età veder credea
" Mano a toccarla ſol atta, e ingegnoſa.

Ma

" Ma toſto che dal Franco invitto regno
" Giunta ſentí l' immortal donna altera,
" Che al Colombo die fama in ſtil ſi degno;

" Or sí, diſſe, vedró, dove il fral era,
" E la cetra di quel, ch' io ſerbo in pegno,
" Sederſi lieta una ſua immagin vera."

' Of Virgil, who divinely ſung,
' The lyre upon this oak once hung;
' Woods, flocks, and great Æneas' name,
' And Troy, his Muſe conſign'd to fame.

' Not Pauſilip, nor Margelline
' Had ever heard ſtrains more divine;
' No bard the Muſe did ſince inſpire
' So well to ſtrike the ſacred lyre:

' But when from France the heroine came,
' Whoſe verſe extol'd Columbus' name;
' Pauſilip cried; lo! there, where hung
' The lyre to which great Maro ſung;
' We ſoon ſhall ſee a foreign dame,
' Who rivals his immortal fame.

After breakfaſt we paſſed under this tomb, through mount *Pauſilipo*, a *Roman* road, which though paved, is duſty; it is cut almoſt two miles into the mountain. Light can enter only at the two ends, and

by a hole made in the middle. When we came out of this road, we ſaw a dog which had been expiring in the GROTTA-DEL-CANE, reſtored to life in the neighbouring lake. At *Pouzzolo*, we admired the gate which *Trajan* had cauſed to be built there. This delightful abode of the antients, diſplayed to our view the ruins of Pagan temples. That of *Iſis*, or *Oſiris*, ſtill has an altar; two high pillars and walls very much injured by time, the workmanſhip all of marble; and likewiſe a ſort of neceſſaries with holes in the *Engliſh* manner. It is thought that the Pagan prieſts made uſe of them for their ablutions. Upon the neighbouring hill is to be ſeen the firſt gallery of an ampitheatre, and the temple of *Jupiter*, at preſent dedicated to the bleſſed virgin. This ſhore furniſhes that ſandy ſort of earth, which from the name of the place is called *Puzzolana*; it grows hard in the water, and is converted into ſolid mortar. The banks of the ſea are covered with the walls of the palaces, which it has worn away. The waves often throw back upon it engraved ſtones, ſome not ſet, others enchaſed in enormous rings, according to the cuſtom of the antients. The country peaſants, who are become connoiſſeurs by habit, ſell them according to their different degrees of beauty. They preſented us with ſome, as well as the Dutcheſs of *Calabretta*,

who to an uncommon genius joins equal charms; a taſte for ſtudy, and an extraordinary ſkill in theſe curioſities. She was ſo kind as to make me a preſent of a ring, upon which I ſet leſs value for its antiquity, than for the ſake of the noble hand from which I received it. Her deſign was to carry me to ſee all the wonders of the neighbourhood, and to inſtruct me in them; but a concert after dinner, and the examining of ſeveral intaglios, took up too much time: We had an arm of the ſea to croſs, we miſſed our opportunity, and ſaw nothing but the *Solfatara*, a *Volcano* ſunk deep in the ground, which forms a level hollow of a thouſand feet diameter. The ſtones thrown into it through the holes from whence the ſmoke ariſes, prove by their echoing noiſe that the fire ſtill undermines below. The ſulphureous ſmell, with which I was almoſt ſtifled, prevented me from paſſing over the parching and moveable ſoil. There goes a vulgar report that devils ſerenade each other in this place during the night. We left this bituminous *Circus* to them, and returned in the evening to *Naples*, with a firm reſolution to take the firſt opportunity of returning to *Baiæ*; but we are conſtantly prevented by the boiſterouſneſs of the ſea. It is with regret I tell you, that we neither ſaw the hundred apartments of brick, with which *Dædalus*

formed the labyrinth, nor the voluptuous caverns of the temple of *Venus*, nor the warm baths of *Tritoli*, deſtroyed as we are told, by the modern phyſicians, becauſe they cured their patients too expeditiouſly. Theſe places are covered with walls, vaults and inverted pillars: Here *Cæſar*, *Pompey*, *Cicero*, *Marius*, and *Sylla* had their country ſeats; here *Piſo* concerted his conſpiracy againſt *Nero*; here were the baths of that cruel Emperor, and his uncle *Domitian*, whom he cauſed to be poiſoned. Theſe ſhores which were beloved by the *Romans* to ſuch a degree, that they travelled a hundred and fifty miles thither on account of the wholſome air, are looked upon in the preſent as unhealthy.

It likewiſe gave me great concern, that I had not an opportunity of ſeeing the lake *Avernus*, which in antient days was dreaded, both by birds and fiſhes, but at preſent abounds with excellent fiſh; nor the *Elyſian* fields which now are little admired; nor the tomb of *Agrippina*, who was drowned in theſe ſeas by her ſon's orders, on board a veſſel prepared for the purpoſe; nor the hollow rock of *Miſenum* ſo much celebrated by *Virgil*, the ſummit of which ſhews the remains of *Lucullus*'s gardens, where *Tiberius* ended his days, and where *Meſſalina* put *Valerius* to death; nor the famous ruins of *Baiæ*, where *Adrian* died, where

where *Caligula*, following the example of *Xerxes*, made a bridge a league long, in order to paſs in triumph to *Pozzolo*, and where *Cæſar*, *Antony* and *Pompey* had a conference; nor the *Lucrine* lake, ſo much boaſted of by the *Romans* for its excellent oyſters; but at preſent almoſt buried under *Monte-novo*, which on *Michaelmaſs-day*, fifteen hundred and thirty eight roſe ſuddenly four hundred fathoms upon a bottom of three thouſand paces in circumference, with lightening and thunder, burned, deſtroyed and laid waſte the whole country for ſix miles round, ſubverted the town of *Tripercolle*, and made the ſea retire; nor *Cumæ* where the *Sibilline Cave* unites by ſubterraneous paſſages to the temple of *Apollo*, which is ſtill to be ſeen upon the neighbouring mountain. A learned canon belonging to theſe places, whoſe name is *Martolemeo*, who has publiſhed a treatiſe upon the paper and ink of the antients, and upon the ruins of *Pozzolo*, told me tha the compoſed a book, the deſign of which was to prove that the country about *Naples* gave occaſion to all the fables of the *Odyſſey*, and *Æneid*. In fact the *Leſtrigons*, who inhabited *Formiæ*, belong to *Campania*: The iſlands of *Circe*, the *Sirens*, the *Cyclops*, and the three-bodied *Gerion*, overſpread the neighbouring ſeas; *Polypheme* reigned in *Sicily*; there *Pluto* carried

off *Proſperpine*; thither *Alpheus* followed *Arethuſa*; *Charybdis* and *Scilla* guard the ſtreights which ſeparate it from *Italy*; the ſybil, the golden bough, the entrance to hell, the *Elyſian* fields, are all to be found upon the ſhore of *Cumæ*; one of the followers of *Æneas* was buried at *Miſenum*; many other wonders which I cannot now recollect, immortalize theſe venerable ſhores.

On the other ſide of the bay, at the bottom of which *Naples* is ſituated, riſes mount *Veſuvius*, which I propoſe ſoon to aſcend. Thus you ſee that all things change; their names, their forms, and their ſituations alter; mountains are levelled with the plain, valleys riſe, the ſea ſupplies the land with lakes; the land repays it with iſlands, rivers grow dry, other ſprings ſupply their place, but my affection for you is invariable.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

Naples, October 15, 1757.

Dear Siſter,

I HAVE at length viſited *Herculaneum*; your laſt letter made me recollect the deſire I always had to ſee that city, which was preſerved by the ſame accident that overwhelmed it, in the year of our lord ſeventy ſix, in the ſixth conſulſhip of *Titus*. The duke *d'Elbœuf* *, who is ſtill living at *Paris*, diſcovered it in ſeventeen hundred and thirty ſix, in cauſing a well to be dug at his ſeat at *Portici*. He found under a vault columns and ſtatues of marble, which he ſent to *Vienna* to prince *Eugene*, and afterwards gave up the place to the king. His *Sicilian* majeſty cauſed workmen to dig for the ſpace of ſeveral miles between mount *Veſuvius* and the ſea; and a ſubterraneous city was diſcovered, which according to the inſcriptions, dated thirteen hundred and forty two years before the chriſtian æra, was founded

* In the year ſeventeen hundred and thirty five he married the daughter of the duke of *Sala* at *Naples*.

by *Hercules*. Paganiſm, which aſcribes miracles to that hero, informs us, that during the games celebrated at the foot of mount *Veſuvius*, in commemoration of his victories over *Geryon* and *Cacus*, he fixed his mace in the earth, which immediately became a fruitful olive-tree. By this prodigy he was encouraged to build at the ſame place, *Heraclea*, which, according to *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſenſis* was inhabited ſucceſſively by people of ſeveral different nations, the *Oſci*, the *Etrurians*, the *Pelaſgi*, the *Samnites* and the *Romans*. Upon digging in that ſpot, was found a ſtreet ſix fathoms broad, with covered porticos on each ſide, a theatre and an edifice, thought to be the *Forum Herculaneum*; at the bottom of the court, ſurrounded by galleries three ſteps high, were the ſtatues of *Nero* and *Germanicus*, greater than the life. From the niches painted in freſco, were taken excellent pictures of *Theſeus* and *Hercules*. Figures of bronze and marble, adorned the walls at the bottom of the colonnades of the court; the periſtile divided into five arches led thither by its extremities, and under each vault of this entrance was to be ſeen an Equeſtrian ſtatue. The admired figure of *Nonius Balbus*, in one of the courts of *Portici*, may rival the beſt in this taſte. The pillars were of brick, covered with ſtucco, which is frequent in *Italy*. Oppoſite

ſite to this monument roſe two temples; and ſeveral houſes with marble porches of the ſame architecture, the cielings painted with groteſque figures in red; paved with *Moſaic* work, and furniſhed with inſtruments for ſacrificing, for ſurgery, for the kitchen, with ſpoons, lamps, candle-ſticks, chryſtal-flagons ſtill full of water, dice to play with, rings for the fingers, ear-rings, eggs, nuts, all in their natural colours, corn, bread reduced to a coal without loſing its form; tablets covered with wax, with the neceſſary implements for writing; fiſhing nets which are fit for uſe, a ſun dial *, a vaſt number of manuſcripts rolled up, pretty nearly of the colour, and in the form of rolls of tobacco. Do not think that I ſaw theſe precious relicks where they were found. You know my averſion for the habitation of the *Gnomes*: I took but a ſhort walk in this ſubterraneous city, the ſmoke of the flambeaus almoſt blinded me; I felt it cold, and looked in vain for the remarkable pieces of antiquity that had been removed from it. Upon rumaging the earth anew in queſt of antiquities, they were obliged to fill the pits that had been formerly dug: It would give ſatiſfaction to the curious eye, that the whole place had

* In the year of *Rome*, four hundred and ſixty two, according to *Pliny*; *Papirius Curſor* cauſed the firſt ſun-dial to be placed near the temple of *Quirinus*.

been cleared; but the lava *, from ſixty to eighty feet deep, with which the roofs are covered, renders the work impracticable. This river of fire compoſed of melted minerals, and which flows ſlowly, has filled one ſide of the town with liquified lead as it were: The remaining part is buried under a ſort of cement of aſhes and water, which has penetrated the edifices, without injuring them. Where ſhould ſuch numerous ruins be placed? How can they be removed? The care taken by the king to range in order in his cabinets, the ſeveral curioſities which have been dug up, to cauſe them to be engraved and deſcribed, convince me that he would, had it been poſſible, have facilitated to the curious the means of viſiting the remains of this antient city throughout. As I could make but inconſiderable diſcoveries in it, I quickly departed for fear of catching cold, and went to amuſe myſelf with a view of the ruins in the galleries of *Portici*. It is to be wiſhed theſe antiquities were removed to a greater diſtance; I am apprehenſive that mount *Veſuvius* will one day again bury theſe treaſures, which were at an enormous expence dug up from the centre of the earth, where this *Volcano* had plunged them. The plates which are made by order

* This mineral when it has cooled, becomes as hard as marble, and aſſumes its poliſh. The houſes of *Naples* are built with it, the ſtreets of *Naples* are paved with it.

der of the court, will give you a more adequate idea of them, than it is poſſible for me to do.

Though amongſt the ſtatues found here, they have ſome good ones; there are much more compleat figures to be ſeen at *Rome* and *Florence:* But with regard to antient paintings, of which very few remain *; theſe two cities muſt yield to *Portici.* Amongſt others they boaſt greatly of that of *Theſeus*, who ſlew the minotaure, which ſhews that this art was well underſtood by the antients; the head of the hero is well deſigned: A naked *Hercules*, a ſatire embracing a nymph, common ſubjects with painters, attract the attention likewiſe; as alſo *Apollo*, and the Muſes with their names and ſeveral attributes which were never before exactly aſcertained by any antient monument: The Centaur *Chiron* ſeated, and teaching *Achilles* to play upon the lyre, is very ſtriking; the attention which a ſcholar of a good diſpoſition gives to the leſſons of a maſter of reputation; and the tender care which a maſter takes of a child of the utmoſt importance, are beautifully expreſſed. We behold there in little pictures, which are tolerably well done, a loaf exactly reſembling a real one; a flaſk filled with water admirably

* The moſt celebrated was that of the *Aldobrandine* wedding. I ſaw it at *Rome* at the Dutcheſs of *Carpinetti Pamphili's.*

mirably imitated; a book conſiſting of two rolls; a port folio, much like one of ours; the mode of dreſſing in that age; joiners, ſhoe-makers, with the tools of their ſeveral trades; rope-dancers, centaurs carrying nymphs on their backs; a gooſe plucked of its feathers exactly in nature; wild-fowl, fruits, theatrical maſks, galleys, chimeras, figures of men and women with birds tails, and a chariot drawn by a parrot, and guided by a graſhopper. The plans of architecture mark therein an idea of the diminution of objects; but do not diſcover a thorough knowledge of the rules of perſpective. To preſerve the colours, which are tarniſhed, as ſoon as ever they are expoſed to the air, the Chevalier *Venuti* has given the compoſition of a varniſh, with the method of applying it. Green and blue colours, which the antients were thought to be ignorant of, are conſpicuous in theſe pictures; the bowers and thickets repreſented in them as adorned with jet d'eaus, has undeceived me in the notion that this admirable artifice was unknown to them. How great a pleaſure is it to ſee in antique paintings and ſculptures, the gardens, manners, habits and attitudes of people who died ſo many hundred years ago! Many of them reſemble the deſcriptions which have been given of them by the poets; whether theſe borrowed their

idea from ſtatuaries, or ſculptors and painters formed theirs upon the deſcriptions of poets. The *Greek* and *Roman* ſtatues, often entirely naked, and always ſo in the neck and arms, have a more compoſed attitude, and a greater appearance of ſerenity than ours, whoſe ornaments and variety of attitudes deviate too much from the noble ſimplicity of nature. Shall then that levity, with which our nation is reproached, and which ſeems characteriſed in our pictures and ſtatues, paſs in this manner to the eyes of the lateſt poſterity?—I ſhall now return to the utenſils of the *Herculaneans*, it is eaſy to ſee that like us they had them of all ſorts; ruſt has almoſt deſtroyed the iron machines; but time has not been able to wear out the copper; chirurgical inſtruments are made of it; but it ſeems probable that well tempered ſteel was not known to the antients. What I examined with greateſt attention in thoſe curious cabinets, is the manner of decyphering manuſcripts ready to turn to duſt. The firſt leaves of theſe rolls, written on one ſide only, are not eaſily unfolded. For this purpoſe they make uſe of a ſort of a frame, like thoſe uſed by weavers of tapeſtry hangings, that ſtands upon a deſk, on which this black worn parchment (which is covered with linnen, or oily paper) is gradually extended by a vice; when a word is unfolded, it is immediately

immediately written down; the word following ſuggeſts to the copyer any term that is wanting between; no points or commas help him to make out the ſenſe. The indefatigable induſtry and learning of Meſſieurs *Mazzochi* and *Piaggio* make up for this. When the firſt part of it is unfolded, a ſmaller number of holes is ſufficient for carrying on the work, which has hitherto produced only Greek books upon muſick, phyſick, morality and rhetorick. There is ſtill a great number to come, from which the Literati hope to acquire all the information they wiſh for. If this learned labour was to reſtore to us the loſt books of *Livy*, *Diodorus Siculus* and *Tacitus*, how greatly ſhould we be obliged to the eruptions of mount *Veſuvius* for having buried theſe treaſures under ground, and thereby ſheltered them from the ravages of time, and barbarian ignorance!

This renowned *Volcano* has received our homage. M. *D'Oſſun* was ſo good, not only to accompany us thither, but to give us ſuch an entertainment as was never ſerved up at ſo high a place. The hermitage of a Frenchman, the only inhabitant of this mountain, was our dining room. Elegant diſhes and excellent wines, by no means conformable to the ſimplicity of the place, were brought from the plain upon theſe craggy rocks. A laborious journey, occaſioned

occaſioned by curioſity, ended with a feaſt. The company filled three coaches, which conveyed us beyond *Portici*; afterwards aſſes carried us an aſcent of two leagues, acroſs fertile vineyards, which produce the LACRYMA CHRISTI. How much did this excellent grape, and the wit of my fellow-travellers contribute to make me ſupport the fatigue of the journey! From the foot of the hill which crowns the *Volcano*, and is ſhaped like a ſugar-loaf; fifty men drew, or rather carried us to the inflamed ſummit. Though I had been precautioned to dreſs myſelf warmly, I was not ſufficiently ſo to bear the cold upon this high mountain; if it had not been for my footman's great coat, I ſhould have been frozen upon a faiery mount, though the meridian ſun ſhone in all its luſtre. About noon we approached the mouth of the gulph: I made but a ſhort ſtay there, for I was almoſt ſuffocated by the keen wind; we deſcended a foot in an inſtant, or rather I ſlided along with the help of my buſkin-boots, my legs being half buried in the aſhes. The aſſes carried us back to dine at the hermitage. Our numerous caravan ſcattered upon heaps of droſs formed by the lava, was a ſight diverting enough. The entertainment was excellent for perſons who wanted to have their appetites ſharpened and excited by delicacies; but little

ſuited

ſuited to ſuch as had been made keen by fatigue. We eat too greedily, and were almoſt all of us taken ill. Few travellers ſcale this terrible mountain with impunity. Many inſcriptions upon the road give notice that it is dangerous and difficult. But this far from deterring the curious, is a new incentive to them to viſit it. The glory which reſults from ſurmounting dangers, makes us love them. Even a ſimple narrative of the ravages cauſed by this fiery gulph amuſes the aſtoniſhed imagination, by throwing the ſoul of the hearer into an agitation. There is not a more ſtriking one, than the deſcription left us by *Pliny* the younger, at the time of *Titus*, where he gives an account of the death of his uncle, who was ſtifled by this *Volcano*. Its fury ſleeps for the preſent, its waking is to be dreaded. Frequent eruptions, of which you will find a deſcription in ſeveral authors, often change the outward appearance of this mountain, which ſtands by itſelf, and is thought by the vulgar to be inhabited by devils. *Dicono che lutini vi ſono ſpeſſo travagliati dai diaboli, ſpeſſo ſentono ullulati, terrori di grandiſſimo ſpavento.* "They ſay that elves are often poſſeſſed "with devils; they often hear howlings, "and a variety of horrid noiſes." I will here lay before you the fables I have heard concerning its origin, which I choſe to put into

into verſe, as rhyme has a privilege to offend againſt reaſon.

VESUVIUS ſprung from CAPREA *, VULCAN's dame,
For LEUCOPREA † long had fed a flame;
The nymph he lov'd, far diſtant from him rang'd;
His rival ‡ to a purling ſtream he chang'd:
On the new ſtream, the nymph her ſorrows ſhed,
And all her charms lay buried in its bed.
But ſtill VESUVIUS' paſſion was the ſame,
VULCANOS from his boſom caſt a flame:
The flame his vengeance breathes, each year returns,
His fire reviv'd with double fury burns.
This mountain, as by others we are told,
Was of the race that JOVE, defied of old;
ALCINEAS, by ALCIDES, vanquiſh'd lies,
And flames perpetual from his tomb ariſe.
Time far from humbling, but augments his pride;
The monſter ſhakes the earth on every ſide.
The fires which from his entrails heav'n invade,
Spread deſolation thro' the neighbouring glade:

His

* An iſland at the mouth of the bay of *Naples*.
† A neighbouring promontory, once a nymph.
‡ A neighbouring river, once a tutelary God of the country.

His influence accurſt obſcures the ſkies,
Blaſts the ripe harveſt, and the currents dries.
No more theſe fables fill with terrors vain,
The panting boſom of the timid ſwain;
But thoſe who in the neighb'ring regions dwell,
Imagine that this gulph leads down to hell;
The trembling vulgar there behold each night
Spectres and ghoſts, that fill their ſouls with fright;
And diſmal ſounds, which high to heav'n aſcend,
The fate of monarchs, and of ſtates portend.

LETTER XXX.

From the *Belvedere*, at *Freſcati*, *Oct.* 25, 1757.

Dear Siſter,

BEFORE I deſcribe to you the delightful place where I now am, I muſt give you ſome account of the antient *Parthenope*. I there ſaw on the day before my departure, proceſſions that ſurpriſed me. They

They carry in them, inſtead of ſhrines, fine wax images of ſaints of both ſexes, as big as the life, and dreſſed in the habits of monks or nuns. Their appearance is ſo natural, that they ſeem to want nothing but the faculty of ſpeech. Theſe figures carried aloft, are followed by the clergy and fraternities, in a variety of different diſguiſes, ſuch as are to be ſeen all over *Italy*, in DOMINO's of grey or white ſtuff, with hoods upon their heads, maſks upon their faces, and their whole dreſs bordered with a variety of colours. People of quality ſometimes aſſume this ſingular diſguiſe, by way of pennance. Theſe fraternities likewiſe attend the buryings of the dead, who are always laid in the earth with their faces uncovered. Devotion at *Naples* makes a more ſtriking and magnificent figure than in the other cities of *Italy*; ſtatues of ſaints, and numerous figures of noſe-gays in ſilver and gold, adorn theſe altars. Several marble mauſoleums grace theſe ſacred places. At the foot of mount *Pauſilipo* is the moſt beautiful of all, that of *Sannazarius*, who died in ſixteen hundred and thirty. The ſculptor *Santa-croce* placed there by way of ornament, *Muſes*, *Satyrs*, *Apollo* and *Minerva*, which the ſexton of the church calls *David* and *Judith*. The poet wrote the following epitaph for himſelf.

Actius hic ſitus eſt, cineres gaudete ſepulti,
Jam vaga poſt obitus umbra dolore vacat.

Which I tranſlate thus:

ACTIUS here lies, rejoice my aſhes here,
The tomb at once excludes all pain and fear.

Cardinal *Bembo* has added another, in which this poet is compared to *Virgil*, whoſe tomb ſtands upon the neighbouring rock.

Da ſacro cineri flores, hic ille Maroni
Sincerus muſa proximus, ut tumulo.

On the other ſide of *Naples*, are to be ſeen the ruins of the palace of queen *Joan*, which is certainly a beautiful edifice for an age in which the arts were not known; but in ſuch an age as ours, remarkable only for having belonged to a princeſs noted for her crimes. Amongſt the wonders of the town, I reckon Mademoiſelle *Ardinguelli*, a ſkilful geometrician, beautiful, noble, young, and who underſtands the learned languages, as well as the *French* and *Engliſh*, ſo thoroughly, that ſhe is able to tranſlate the writings of *Haller*. This work, of which ſhe made me a preſent, ſhews that ſhe has a great

great knowledge of natural philoſophy. In a long converſation which I had with her, I admired that ſtudious ſimplicity, which makes her perhaps enjoy greater tranquillity and ſatisfaction in a moderate fortune, than the princeſſes of the country ſurrounded with their pages and ſquires. Honours, ſays *Chriſtina* * queen of *Sweden*, reſemble perfumes, thoſe who have them do not ſmell them; in fact there is nothing really valuable, but thoſe things which are not to be bought, ſuch as beauty, reputation and health: The poor man may become rich, but the knave acquires no virtue: Hence it follows that the want of money is not ſo great an evil; the true philoſophers ſtone is moderation in our deſires; there I find all that is valuable in this wonderful ſecret. You will tell me that theſe proverbial ſayings are to be met with every where; 'tis true, the ſame truths may appear forever in different forms; fiction has not the ſame liberty, but I may be allowed to ſay with the antients:

Quis dives? Qui nil cupiat. Quis pauper? Avarus.

* This heroine wrote upon a manuſcript, which happened to fall into her hands, and where the ſincerity of her converſion was called in queſtion, the following words; *Chi lo ſa, non lo ſcrive. Chi lo ſcrive, non lo ſa.*

Who nothing envies, may with *Cræſus* vie,
No riches can a miſer's wants ſupply.

Though I uſe more words, I do not expreſs half the meaning of the latin. Is it my fault, or the fault of our language? The *Neapolitans* do not ſpeak Italian in its purity, and their vivacity make them ſo loud, that their aſſemblies ſtun us with their noiſe. Thoſe of the nobility are generally occaſioned by death, marriage or baptiſm, as in *Spain*, and generally laſt a week. As their number is conſiderable, they never ceaſe. The firſt day after their lying in, ladies receive viſits without being any way incommoded by them. At *Rome* they rub their breaſts with a ſort of pomatum, which makes their milk flow eaſily; they do not confine themſelves ſo much, or obſerve ſo exact a regimen as at *Paris*, and are often delivered of children without meeting with ſo many melancholy accidents. Why have not our ladies the ſame reſolution, and the ſame ointment! Warm climates are, as I take it, more favourable to women, they are there brought to bed more eaſily, and have leſs occaſion to promote tranſpiration by exerciſe; which ſuits their natural indolence; but to return to my travels.

I had

I had promiſed Cardinal *Paſſionei* to repair to *Freſcati*, whilſt he was at his hermitage of the *Camalduli*; ſo that we could not make any longer ſtay at *Naples*. I left it at noon in a very indifferent ſtate of health, in order to paſs the night at *Capua*. The next day we continued our journey upon the VIA APPIA, which is ſurrounded with myrtles, laurels and grenade-trees, in breadth fourteen feet, and lined on each ſide with ſtones ſo high, that two carts cannot quit the cauſeway to make room for each other. How then did they paſs in former days? What was the nature of the antient carriages? This we are entirely ignorant of; they doubtleſs made uſe of narrow litters, travelled with leſs expedition than convenience, and all the burthens were carried upon the backs of mules; our heavy coaches would not have let this road ſubſiſt ſo long, though it is built upon a pavement ſeventeen palms in depth, covered with broad ſtones cut at angles, ſo well joined that they have continued a thouſand years in their places; and though they have been broken and battered a thouſand years, there are ſtill remnants of them in good condition. Only think how much trouble theſe great ſtones, thus heaped together muſt give to paſſengers.

After croſſing the *Liris*, now called the *Garigliano*, we paſſed the night upon the

ſhore, in an apartment wide open at the top, at *Mola*, called in antient days *Formiæ*, the country of the *Leſtrigons*. Nobody offered to devour us; but unluckily we found nothing to eat. Oppoſite to this place is *Gaeta*, where *Æneas*'s nurſe is buried. The day following we again ſaw the ſea and the VIA APPIA. The roughneſs of the road fatigued us. The country which is overſpread with olive, citron and orange trees, delighted us. Thus goes the world, good and evil are jumbled together in it; who knows it better than you? But

Chi guarda ad ogni penna non fa mai letto.

He that looks after every feather, never makes the bed.

Let us return to our flowery plains, where *Cicero* in antient days, flying from his enemies, was aſſaſſinated by one of his clients.

Un nemico è troppo, e cento amici non baſtano.

One enemy is too much, and a hundred friends are not ſufficient.

You will doubtleſs ſay, that I am very fond of proverbs: I am, of Italian proverbs, becauſe they are new to me. I learned this when I dined at *Fondi*, which

which *Barbaroſſa* beſieged in fifteen hundred and thirty four, with an intention to carry off the beautiful princeſs *Colonna*, who made her eſcape through muddy marſhes, rather than ſit as an empreſs upon the perfumed ſophas of the ſeraglio. We paſt the night at the antient *Anxur*, now called *Terracina*, a place famous for producing orange trees, as much dreaded at preſent for the unwholſomeneſs, as it it was formerly ſought on account of the ſalubrity of the air; a place where I recollected that *Horace* was formerly met by *Mecenas* in his journey to *Brunduſium*, of which he has given us ſo lively a deſcription. Being like him forced to quit the place by night, we had no opportunity of ſeeing the ruins of the palaces built by the *Romans* upon theſe ſhores. In the dark we perceived with ſurprize fires at ſome diſtance from each other. I cannot determine whether the peaſants make them meerly to warm themſelves, or for their enchantments. We could not make any ſtay at *Velletri*, the capital of the antient *Volſci*. I knew that Cardinal *Paſſionei*, and the Abbe *de Canillac* would be ſo ſo good as to meet me on the road. Notwithſtanding the haſte we were in to be with them, it was long before we came to our rendezvous, through the error of our poſtilions. Our impatience equalled the ignorance of our guides. The road, though

a fine one, appeared to me of a tireſome length. I pacified his eminence, who had ſome reaſon to be offended, with preſents which I knew would be acceptable to him. Two curious manuſcripts which I met with at *Naples* made my peace. I was conducted to prince *Pamphili*'s at *Belvedere*. The name is a ſufficient panegyric upon the beauty of the place, where art has exhauſted itſelf to embelliſh nature. The view I have of it oppoſite to my toilet, delights both the eye and ear. A river falls by a caſcade into a grotto, where the ſtirring of the waters which moves the machines, animates the marble; *Apollo* and the Muſes play upon the flute, and *Jupiter* darts his thunder. All travellers deſcribe theſe wonders, as well as thoſe of *Monte Dracone*, a ſeat belonging to the *Borgheſi*, and of the villas, *Bracciano* and *Conti*. This latter ſtill ſhews the cells of the ſlaves of *Lucullus*; the wall which encloſes them is a defence to the park: Tall trees have by degrees paſſed through the ſtone, and by growing perhaps contribute to its duration. Mounted upon an aſs, I humbly paid a viſit to the noble college of the Jeſuits, which ſtands upon the ſummit of the hill where the *Tuſculum* formerly ſtood. We are obliged to theſe fathers for having covered with a roof, a *Moſaic* pavement of the houſe of *Cicero*, which has been preſerved with great care,

and

and of which the learned father *Boſcowiths* has taken a fine plan. Cardinal *Paſſionei* (who may be compared to that conſul for eloquence, memory, erudition, and the ſpirit of patriotiſm) in order to reſt from the labours of his miniſtry, has erected a peaceable and pious hermitage in the place to which the orator retired for repoſe. Of what vaſt utility is erudition! His eminence was diſtreſt for fountains; and knew from *Strabo* that there had been gutters of water upon the rock; by perſiſting to ſearch for them, with the book in his hand, he at laſt found them, and made uſe of buffalos, which eat leſs, and labour and draw better than any other animal, in order to carry to the top of this high hill, ſtatues, urns * and marble tombs of an enormous weight, ranged with order and taſte upon the teraſſes. From thence the eye croſſes the plain, reaches as far as the ſea, roves over the *Appennines*, ſees the mountains, *Algidum* and *Soracte* † crowned with ſnow, fixes itſelf upon *Rome*, and returns voluntarily to admire the ingenious diſtribution of the cells which the houſe contains. The ſtructure has not the leaſt reſemblance to that of the ſo much boaſted pleaſure-houſes, and for that reaſon pleaſes the

* One may ſee there that the antients had ſucceſſively baked earth, ſtone, marble, glaſs, porphyry, and other materials ſtill more precious.

† Now called Mount *Oriſte*.

the more. It were to be wiſhed, however, that he had given a greater breadth to the delightful cells of the hermits, of whom the Cardinal is prior. He was ſo obliging as to ſet one apart for me; almoſt all the others belong in this manner to hermits who inhabit them but a ſhort time; but peace, the Muſes and the Virtues fix their abode there; I have full enjoyment of them during our happy reſidence at *Freſcati*. In order to amuſe the numerous and genteel company by which it is frequented at this ſeaſon, the comic opera repairs thither; though it is as from *Rome*, as *Paris* from *Verſailles*, people come to ſee it, and return to the city at night.

We yeſterday had the pleaſure of hearing at the princeſs *Piccolomini*'s, a muſical performance, much more enchanting than that of the public ſingers, I mean the ſongs of Signora *Madelena Morelli*, a famous extempore repeater* of verſes, born in *Tuſcany*. Her great talents this way receive a luſtre from a fine voice, and an agreeable figure. If the Sibils had reſembled this poetical lady, frequent viſits would have been paid them.

LET-

* The *Italians* call theſe repeaters, *improviſatori* and *improviſatrici*.

LETTER XXXI.

Rome, November 20, 1757.

Dear Sister,

WE are now returned to *Rome*; upon quitting *Frescati* we past a few days at the seat of the late Cardinal *Cibo*, which was lent by the Duke of *Modena* to our amiable auditor of the rota. The gardens of it are very fine. Those of the Pope and his palace of *Castel Gandolpho*, situated in the neighbourhood, have but little magnificence, for a sovereign whose revenues amount to twenty five millions of livres. The Chevalier *de St. George*, and many individuals, have gardens in this part of the country. The largest are in the park of the princess *Palestrina*, in former times *Domitian*'s garden. These antient walls shew, as at *Frescati*, an extraordinary effect of the expulsive force of trees. The branches and roots have insinuated themselves between the bricks, opened them without throwing them down, and there incorporate

rate and grow in ſpight of impediments. In this incloſure we meet with long wide vaults expoſed to the ſouth, intended, as I apprehend, for the winter walks of the *Romans*. I like them ſo well, that if I was to build a country-houſe, I would chuſe to have juſt ſuch walks to it.

At the places which I am now deſcribing, ſtood *Alba*, the modern name of which city is *Albano*, where is to be ſeen a heap of ſtones, called the ſepulchre of *Aſcanius*. Farther off five towers half demoliſhed ſtand round a tomb, ſaid to be that of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*. Others take it to be that of *Pompey*, whoſe villas embelliſhed this ſhore. Notwithſtanding the rain, which gave us great trouble, we went every day to ſee the ruins of theſe houſes, and to walk in a neighbouring foreſt, which is exceeding delightful. Great lakes, ſurrounded with trees, which riſe in the form of an amphitheatre upon the hills; a proſpect of the ſea, of the high mountains, and the country round about *Rome*, conſtitute the whole beauty of this ſituation, upon which the earth has laviſhed its bleſſings. They there gather a great quantity of white onions, which is the common food of the country-people; and they eat them with raw bread. Do not infer from thence that the peaſants, though poor, are wretched in the eccleſiaſtical ſtate. If they have but little money, they pay but few taxes; but

they have grapes, fruits of all ſorts, and pulſe, in ſuch plenty, that they neglect to cultivate them, which often renders their proviſions inferior to thoſe produced by a more ungrateful ſoil. Commerce would flouriſh in theſe fertile countrys, if the ports which are advantageouſly ſituated upon the *Adriatick* and *Mediterancan* ſeas, were kept in repair by the government, and the manufactures encouraged and multiplied; but the ſovereign who is often by his great age rendered unfit for the cares of government, and who is ſure that his poſſeſſions will not paſs to his poſterity, enjoys the preſent without concerning himſelf about future advantages. In like manner if thoſe who are poſſeſſed of vineyards in the beſt ſoils, made their wines and preſerved them with as much care as their anceſtors, perhaps they would have them in equal perfection. The *Romans* buried them in great earthern veſſels many years before they made uſe of them. Butter which is very ſcarce at *Naples*, is excellent in the neighbourhood of *Rome*, when proper care is taken of it; but the great abundance of oil, though it is but very indifferent in its kind, makes them neglect milk. The climate is ſo hot that much cloathing is unneceſſary, and diſpoſes the ſhepherds to take leſs care of their flocks, than of their ſhepherdeſſes. They are indeed but too fond of them; for jealouſy, totally baniſhed from amongſt the great,

great, ſtill inhabits their cottages. However deſirous the government may be to prevent aſſaſſinations, we are aſſured that the number amounts to two thouſand every year in the territories of his holineſs; moſt of them occaſioned by rivalſhip for the affections of ſome lady, or by a family revenge.

Our jaunt in the country of *Rome*, which here goes by the name of *Villeggiatura*, would have entertained me highly if it had not been for the bad weather. I there made myſelf acquainted with the manners of the country-people. How beautiful did the women of *Albano* appear to me! I ſaw them on Sunday come out of the church with veils of gauze tucked up and faſtened, aprons equally fine, clothes exactly fitted to their ſhapes, and a great quantity of ornaments. You muſt know that throughout all *Italy*, the ſervant-maids and the country-girls, go with their legs, feet and head bare; but their hair platted and loaded with trinkets, or covered with a net-work; and though their bodies are clothed with rags, they are adorned with ear-rings, and bracelets of various ſorts. We continued to reſide at *Caſtel* to the end of November. The ſeaſon is too far advanced for us to return to *France* before the winter, as we at firſt propoſed. We have accepted the lodging which M. *de Canillac* inſiſts upon giving us in his palace. The time which we paſſed

in

in the country with this prelate, induces us to think that as we have the ſame taſte for long walks, agreeable amuſements, and retiring to bed by times in the evening, we ſhall give him no trouble in town. He has more buſineſs on his hands than a privy-counſeller who does his duty. A young Abbe of noble birth, as moſt of the auditors of the rota are, repairs to *Rome* with eagerneſs, in order to diſcharge the duties of his office, and but little thinks how great labour he has to go through. They are but twelve in number, as well for *Italy*, as for the ſeveral courts of Europe. This tribunal, conſiſting of members well choſen, being judiciouſly regulated, and deciding all important eccleſiaſtical cauſes without appeal, as likewiſe all civil cauſes within the juriſdiction of the Pope, has eſtabliſhed it as a maxim that the court may be miſtaken even after ſentence is pronounced, and therefore re-examines three or four times the ſame cauſe, if the parties require it; the ill conſequence of this, is, that cauſes have no end, juſt, as, in *Spain*, *England*, amongſt ourſelves, and every where elſe. Is this then a neceſſary evil? I ſee that all ſtates are infected with it, and no potentate attempts to remedy the grievance, except the king of *Pruſſia*. It would reflect the higheſt honour upon him, if his endeavours were to be crowned with ſucceſs.

Whilſt my worthy hoſt is employed in uſeful matters, I am taken up with things which are of no ſort of conſequence. The funeral oration which Cardinal *Paſſionei* (formerly nuntio at *Venice*) made for Prince *Eugene* his friend, did not want to be tranſlated into French by me; but I would gladly make myſelf thoroughly acquainted with the Italian language. The beauty of the work, and the importance of the ſubject, made me reſolve upon tranſlating it. I am at liberty to abridge it, and retrench ſuch images as are too poetical for our taſte in pulpit eloquence. This elegant proſe reſembles poetry; it is difficult to transfuſe it into other languages: I ſhall want the author's indulgence. We often paſs the evening in his houſe, where his whole library filtrated through his memory, and diverſified by his ideas, at once charms and inſtructs me. I there often meet Cardinal *Ferroni*, who has a very agreeable fund of wit, and Cardinal *Portocarrero*, the viciſſitude of whoſe fortune intereſts me as much, as his ſteady adherence to his principles. After having been commander in chief of the galleys of *Malta*, and Viceroy of *Naples*, having had a difference with his court, he found himſelf entirely neglected, and came to *Rome* with the ſimple name of the Abbe *Portocarrero*. The Pope in conſideration of his birth and merit, ſoon

after created him prelate and cardinal, and here he is agent for the king of *Spain*. Though advanced in years, he lives free from infirmities, and though inveſted with many dignities, he has no pride. When I dined the other day with this cardinal, I took the liberty to aſk what reflections he had made upon the various ſcenes which he had gone through in life. "Muſe, anſwered "he, after having enjoyed every pleaſure, "and ſeen all the world, we are little ſoli-"citous about the objects of human am-"bition." It follows from hence that the privation of many pleaſures of which our imagination forms an exalted idea, is not ſo great an evil as it is thought: But theſe moral reflections would make me loſe ſight of my ſubject. I left off at our evening converſations with our learned librarian, who is a great admirer of the latin poems of Meſſieurs *Stay* and *Nocetti*, and the learned reſearches of father *Pacciaudi* *. He agrees however, that if his nation happens to be more fertile than ours in good hiſtorians, artiſts and poets, we have the advantage over them in dramatic pieces, books of morality, in the ſciences, in pulpit eloquence, and the epiſtolary way of writing; but as he is perfectly well ac-

* Profeſſor at the academy of *Sapienza*; this celebrated *Theatine* was by the ſerene infant choſen his librarian at *Parma*.

quainted with our *French* authors, he is ſenſible as we are, that the *French*, though by no means arrived at perfection, endeavour to go beyond it: That at preſent we are overrun with public entertainments, authors, writers, and even books; for all our pamphlets come to him acroſs the *Alps*, which is ſomething extraordinary.

I am ſurpriſed that our literary commerce with them ſhould be ſo inconſiderable, when we have one ſo extenſive in the north. Our modern authors are but little known in *Italy*. Monſ. *de Voltaire* is well known every where: Here his works are burned by the Inquiſition, but every man of taſte is ſure to have them in his library. The cardinal approves that Monſ. *de Voltaire*'s works ſhould be cenſured in this manner, though he admires and loves men of genius. I was yeſterday honoured with his preſence at the auguſt aſſembly of the *Arcadian* academicians, which was called together upon the account of my reception. Many princeſſes and cardinals aſſiſted at it, as well as many diſciples of *Apollo*. I trembled all over, whilſt I ſtammered out a compliment of thanks in verſe; you will find it at the end of my letter. It was elegantly tranſlated into *Italian* verſe by the ingenious Abbe *Pezzi*. I was the ſaint of the day. The worthy ſecretary of the academy, Abbe *Morei*, and ſeveral poets, praiſed me in emulation

lation of each other, with all the exaggeration allowed of by the Muſes. A young prince of the *Orſini* family pronounced with equal gracefulneſs and applauſe a latin poem, of which I was the ſubject. His ſiſter the dutcheſs *D'Arcé*, of whom I have already made mention, alſo repeated an *Italian* poem, by much too good for the ſubject, and paid me a compliment very witty, and well turned for a young lady of ſixteen. When the aſſembly was over, I took the liberty to tell her father, the cardinal *Orſini*, that his daughter was the goddeſs of *Rome*. I was overheard by that beauty, who immediately replyed, "no, madam, the *Romans* borrowed their Gods from foreign countries." I was as much at a loſs, as tennis-players, who ſeldom throw back the ball at the proper time. I am inclined to think that the incenſe of flattery is highly ſalutary; I am ſupported by it, and find myſelf the better in health. This collection of verſes to my praiſe, is to be printed; I ſhall ſend it to you when it is; in the mean time here are my own.

What magic art *Athenian* lore
Could thus remove to *Cæſar*'s ſhore!
Here wit and taſte conjoin'd appear,
I find the fam'd *Lyceum* here.
The ſiſters of *Parnaſſus* ſhine,
With matchleſs grace, and charms divine.

Here once the field of *Mars* was ſeen,
But now we find a ſpacious green;
Where like *Lucullus* at our eaſe,
Thoſe joys we feel, which ever pleaſe.
Within theſe walls, on every ſide,
Are taſte and elegance deſcri'd.
A king * of *Tagus*, friend to art,
Genius to aid, did wealth impart.
The *Swediſh* queen †, whom *France* admir'd,
When from her northern throne retir'd,
Rul'd like a goddeſs in this place;
And often did theſe gardens grace.
A nymph ‡ ſprung from heroic line,
Her ſteps purſues to this fair ſhrine.
Eunomene's ‖ diſcerning eye,
In gravings can acutely ſpy
The antient elegance and taſte:
With every charm *Cirene* § grac'd,
Reſembles in her dances light
The ſoaring birds aerial flight.
Life's happy prime that flies with ſpeed,
Eurydice **, with oaten reed.
And ruſtic muſic in the plains
Repeats, and chears the liſt'ning ſwains.

Carv'd

* *John* V. of *Portugal*, who, as we are told by *Aretus*, gave thirty thouſand livres to purchaſe a piece of ground, in which a graſs-plot with ſeats of turf ſhould hold the aſſembly of the academicians.

† *Chriſtina*, queen of *Sweden*, called *Baſiliſſa*.

‡ The princeſs royal of *Poland*, called *Ermelinda*.

‖ Of the houſe of *Ligneville*, married to the duke of *Calabrietta*.

§ The dutcheſs of *Bracciano*.

** The Dutcheſs *d'Arcé*.

Carv'd on your elms, oh! learn'd choir,
I trace theſe facts, which all admire.
Can I by ſome ſucceſsful ſtrain
On this fam'd *Pindus* ſeat obtain?
" You can, the deity replied,
" Which o'er theſe hills does now reſide;
" The bliſs ſupreme your ſoul requires,
" Shall gratify your heart's deſires."
To climes remote let echoes ſound
The happineſs with which I'm crown'd:
Let ſwains by ev'ry ſilver ſtream
My verſes ſing, and ſpread my fame.

The ſame evening I received the following verſes from the Chevalier *de Godolin*, a *French* officer, lately admitted a member of the academy *degli Arcadi*.

Prais'd by *Voltaire*'s immortal ſtrain,
Thy art indulgence claims in vain;
The picture thou haſt ſhewn to day,
Does all *Albano*'s force diſplay.
How well thou knoweſt to combine,
His graceful touch, his pow'r divine!
Our academies loud proclaim
Thy Muſe's everlaſting fame.
Now call'd *Doriclea*, name moſt dear,
Thy preſence glads this nether ſphere.
Catullus for the *Gallic* Muſe
Ought ev'n his *Leſbia*'s love refuſe.

Let us here lay aſide poetry to give you a deſcription of the *Borgheſe* villa, which does not want the embelliſhments of fiction to pleaſe. Read the accounts of travellers, they are guilty of no exaggeration upon this article. A deer-park, a mall, fountains, jet d'eau's, ſtables for horſes, thickets, flower-gardens, kitchen-gardens, aviaries, green-houſes, a labyrinth; in a word, all the improvements that art can make upon nature, are there to be found. It is my favourite walk, juſt as the *bois de Boulogne* is at *Paris*, in a different way. A view of the palace aſtoniſhes; the niceſt carved ſnuff-boxes are leſs compleat than a thouſand baſſo-relievos ſo well incruſted upon the four fronts, that they ſeem to have been carved upon them. The inſide contains a numerous and ſelect company, whoſe ſtriking features have no occaſion to be aſſiſted by the expreſſion of the tongue, or even of the eye. It is remarkable that the ſtatues of the emperors have no beard, till the reign of *Adrian*. The *Grecian* images would be cheaply bought with the mines of *Potoſi*. Thoſe which ſtrike me the moſt, are the famous gladiator by *Agazia*; the hermaphrodite lying down, found near the baths of *Dioclefian*, the matraſs which was wanting, was made by the Cavalier *Bernini*; *Seneca* dying in the bath; the figure of ſleep

in black marble ; a cupid mounted upon a centaur, whom he leads with his hands tied behind his back : The monſter with a reſigned and ſubmiſſive air turns his head towards his conqueror. I have ſeen this ingenious device imitated upon a carven ſtone, where cupid mounted on a lion plays upon the lyre, and drives that fierce animal at his pleaſure.

This God's exploits to all are known,
In ev'ry clime his force is ſhewn :
Love's baneful pow'r has caus'd below
More miſery, more ſtrife, and woe,
Than all the rage of ruthleſs fate
Effected in her utmoſt hate.
Fell jealouſy's infernal ſnakes
Thy indignation dire awakes :
Upon thy altars envy reigns,
And wretches binds in laſting chains.
Friendſhip's bleſt harmony controuls
The ſecret troubles of our ſouls.
Its influence divine invites
To pleaſure, and to ſoft delights.
Its ſhrines which open ſtill remain,
Reſemble that wide ſpreading plain,
Where fields adorn'd with verdure gay,
A treaſure of bright charms diſplay ;
And nature blooms in gorgeous pride ;
Yet none would always there reſide.

LETTER XXXII.

Rome, December 25, 1757.

Dear Siſter,

THOUGH at three hundred leagues diſtance you are deſirous of knowing every thing I do; I ſhall therefore proceed to give you an exact account of my actions. During the ſummer I ſaw the principal monuments of *Rome*; ſo that at preſent I paſs the day much in the ſame manner I uſed to do at *Paris*; I go to bed and riſe early, read and ſcribble the whole morning. In order to exerciſe myſelf in the *Italian*, I had a fancy to tranſlate one of our romances into that language. Not happening to have one by me ſufficiently ſhort, I took the conſpiracy of *Walſtein*, and awhile ago perceived that *Sarrazin* has not finiſhed it. I am reſolved to undertake it, notwithſtanding our manner of writing is very much altered ſince the laſt age. Is then this admired piece of hiſtory only a ſingle phraſe mixed with parentheſes, as hard to ſeparate

as

as to tranſlate! luckily this ſtile brings me nearer to the *Italian* idiom. This employment and the amuſement of writing to you in verſe or proſe take me up till noon. The only difference in our way of life is, that here, according to the cuſtom of the country, we dine, but never ſup. Whilſt our hoſt is buſy at the Rota, inſtead of receiving company as we do at *Paris*, we viſit ladies at their evening aſſemblies, but in the afternoon we walk according to cuſtom; we go, as our curioſity leads us, to viſit the fineſt pleaſure-houſes in this town. What a pity it is! there is but one third of the circumference of ſixteen miles, which it had in the time of *Aurelian*, now peopled: That is the greateſt circuit which *Rome* ever had.

The *Pamphilian* villa, commonly called *Bel-reſpiro*, vies in magnificence with the *Borgheſe*, in gardens, fountains, paintings and ſtatues. *Villa-Ludoviſi*, ſituated where the gardens of *Salluſt* formerly ſtood, offers likewiſe a variety of beauties to the eye. At *Villa-Medici* ſhines the famous family of *Niobe*, in which the figure of the daughter is inimitable. An arbour of the garden, made for the purpoſe, ſhelters this group of thirteen figures, in which the various emotions of grief are admirably expreſſed: It was dug up without St. *John*'s gate with a head of *Jupiter Capitolinus*, which in former

mer days was an ornament to the gates of the imperial palace. Theſe villas abounding with ſuch precious remains of antiquity, are exceedingly neglected. Some which were formerly magnificent, are now entirely falling to ruin; ſuch as *Villa-Mattei*, ſtill filled with obeliſks, urns and ſtatues: The Villa of *Montalto*, raiſed by *Sixtus* V. and juſtly renowned for its extent and beauty, is almoſt entirely taken up with kitchen-gardens. Amongſt a thouſand others we met with the coloſſal ſtatue of *Rome* found under ground at *Monte Cavallo*. Every rich cardinal aſſembles in whatever ſituation pleaſes him moſt, all that art and money can produce from antient treaſures or modern induſtry. As ſoon as the owner dies, his poſſeſſions are divided; neither nephews nor ſons ever think the houſe of their predeceſſor in a good taſte, and they of conſequence neglect it. In the third or fourth generation, a field is tilled, which was levelled at the expence of millions, and covered with ſtatues, vaſes, arbours and baſons; other villas, it is true, are erected in their room; but I always regret a fine place, when it is demoliſhed. The cardinal *York* is now building one, and would be at leſs expence in reſtoring the moſt ſpacious of theſe magnificent gardens which have been ſpoiled. The houſe which he is building, though very ſmall for a prince,

a prince, would be a fine one for a rich individual. The other day, at his concert, he condeſcended to aſk us if we had been to ſee his villa: We did not fail to take a walk in it the next day. We likewiſe often viſit that which cardinal *Albani* is building at a great expence at *Porta Salaria*. Beſides having the charms of novelty, the architecture of this habitation is in a very remarkable taſte. I do not know what to compare it to, but it pleaſes me highly. Pillars which are alternately of black or red granit, and of a ſingle piece, ſupport the portico. At the two extremities of the eleven arches, there are cabinets, in the midſt of which you ſee two ſalvers of alabaſter thirty palms in circumference; one has a *Meduſa*'s head, the other that of a river. Upon the walls, at the extremity of the niches adorned with the buſts of emperors, an equal number of griffins hold candleſticks. The ſeveral different colours of the marble of the periſtile form an agreeable enamel, and a hundred prodigious maſks of antique *Parian* marble ſurround the cornice. The remaining ornaments, though not yet finiſhed, already charm the eye, and will be enriched with a conſiderable number of ſtatues; amongſt others with the moſt antique *Minerva*, next to that of the *Juſtiniani* palace. This gallery is open on the ſide of the gardens, and gives an entrance

trance to the apartments, which on the oppoſite front overlook a ſquare ſurrounded by a baluſtrade. An *Egyptian* ſtatue, and two ſphynxes of baſaltes, from whence iſſue fountains, ſeparate the double flight of ſteps deſcending to the parterre. In the centre is a jet d'eau upon a vat of granit eighteen palms in diameter, ſupported by four ſatirs bigger than the life, which ſeem to ſink under the burden: Though brought from different places, they were by good fortune found in the ſame attitude, and of equal beauty: At the foot of the ſtairs which lead to the thickets, is to be ſeen a piece of water adorned with a cupid mounted upon a ſea-monſter. Above is another baſon of granit nineteen palms broad. The aſſiduity and wealth of his eminence every day diſinters new wonders of antiquity, which are found in the *Roman* palaces. However dear theſe remnants of antiquity may be, (though they often ſurpaſs thoſe of the greateſt living artiſt) they are purchaſed for much leſs money than others would coſt, and even leſs than they coſt their firſt owners. The active taſte of cardinal *Alberoni* has alſo collected a ſufficient number of fine ſtatues, to place round the circular colonade, which terminates his parterre and fronts the palace. Every body who walks under theſe porticos, contemplates a figure of alabaſter

baſter which is repreſented ſitting, and ſurrounded with hieroglyphics, that came from *Thebais*, as likewiſe a conſiderable number of ſepulchral urns: Upon one ſtand *Bacchus*, *Ariadne*, the ſatirs and the bacchanals; the other diſcovers a young man ſeated near a woman veiled, and ſeveral carved figures; the buſts of *Maſſiniſſa*, *Sophocles*, *Alcibiades*, *Socrates*, *Carneades*, *Xenocrates*, *Hannibal*, *Anacreon*, *Seneca*, *Pindar*, *Solon*, *Homer*, *Pythagoras*, *Plato* and *Zeno*, recall the remembrance of their morals, and their writings, furniſh matter to reflection, and ſupply the place of company and converſation. The walls incruſted with figures in baſſo relievo preſent to the view the buſt of *Antinous*, of which mention is made by *Borioni*; *Polyphemus* with his lyre carrying a cupid upon his ſhoulders; *Rome* with its attributes; a conqueror in the *Olympic* games upon his chariot drawn by four horſes, remarkable for his broad girdle; an *Etrurian* baſſo relievo in the *Egyptian* taſte, with arched eyebrows, eyes ſtaring out of his head, and a ſharp chin which makes the oval imperfect; three women dreſſed in the *Etrurian* taſte, one of them winged, and all of them offering libations; *Dédalus* making wings for his ſon, one of which binds his arm and croſſes his breaſt; the *Icarus* is a work of immenſe labour: Likewiſe *Trimalcion*'s feaſt;

feaſt; *Diogenes* in his tub before a temple, ſuch as is repreſented in the work of *Spon*: Two haunſes of doors in marble, intended, as I apprehend, for the gallery, upon which are carved cuiraſſes, bucklers and other ſorts of arms: The count of *Caylus* has them likewiſe engraved in his fine collection of antiques; a hollow part of the colonade holds a marble vat, as remarkable for its ſize, as the variety of its colours, and two beautiful women: A baluſtrade covered with ſtone ſtatues, crowns theſe porticos. The palace is ſupported by a hundred and fifty pillars of precious marble; the gardens, which are rather too little and not yet finiſhed, make likewiſe a grand figure in vaſes, and groups of marble. I obſerved there, as well as the learned Abbe *Winkelman*, who has a penſion from the owner of theſe fine places, three epochas of *Egyptian* ſculpture; the firſt, of which he has five figures, goes down to the reign of *Cambyſes*; the ſecond is the imitation of it made by the *Greeks*, but without hieroglyphics; the third conſiſts of the copies taken in the reign of *Adrian*. The *Greek* ſtatues likewiſe went through ſeveral alterations from the time of *Phidias* to the decline of the art. When the *Michael Angelos* and the *Raphaels* revived it; it is to be regretted that their intereſt, as well as that of the painters and ſculptors of our nation,

obliged

obliged them to dedicate their talents almoſt intirely to the decoration of churches. The bleſſed virgin and the ſaints of our religion, which is an enemy to ſeducing allurements, and ſtill more to the paſſions, do not ſuffer the artiſt to expreſs them in their faces; whereas the triumph of the art conſiſts in expreſſing the great emotions of the ſoul, and the charms of beauty. I have enlarged upon the *Villa Albani*, which will be in time an exceeding fine one, becauſe you can no where meet with a deſcription of it; the others have been deſcribed a hundred times over.

I ſhould be highly delighted with another ſeat, called *Villa Madama*, if it was not falling to decay; it takes its name from a daughter of the houſe of *Auſtria*, married to one of the *Farneſe* family, ſituated without the town upon a mount beyond the *Vatican*. This delightful place commands *Rome* and the *Tiber*, has a proſpect of the *Appenine* mountains covered with ſnow, abounds in fountains, and rows of lofty trees, inacceſſible to the rays of the ſun. In theſe countries, winter is the time for walking. Oak-trees, yews, mirtles, pines and laurels retain the verdure of the ſpring; the flowers and the green turf are leſs parched by the ſun, and the ſeaſon admits of exerciſe: On the contrary, the violent heats of *June*, *July* and *Auguſt*, conſign us to ſloth and

and indolence, and oblige the men, and even the monks themſelves, to uſe fans like the women. All people take a nap after dinner, not being able to do any thing elſe: I could not poſſibly uſe myſelf to this cuſtom; but though I loved walking ſo much, I found it difficult in ſummer to uſe my legs, even in the evening. The heat of the ſun had made me lean; but the mild air of the country, during winter and autumn, is admirably ſuited to my conſtitution. I am no longer troubled with meagrims or cholicks, and I grow fat too faſt. Why have not I you and my Mother here, to cure me of head-aches; and my friends, that I might never regret my not having it in my power to return to *France*? PATRIA EST UBICUNQUE BENE. I take delight in inhabiting the happy ſhores which are celebrated by all that write, that paint, that ſing, or that ſoar on the wings of fame for ſo many ages.

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

Rome, January 17, 1758.

Dear Siſter,

ST. *Anthony*'s church now ſtands where were formerly the gardens of *Mæcenas*, and there a very remarkable ceremony is performed. The grooms of the Pope, of the great, and of the vulgar, in imitation of them, conduct thither horſes, aſſes and mules, adorned with ribbons. A prieſt in a ſurplice ſprinkles them with holy water, preſents his box, receives money, and they all return in a perſuaſion that nothing can hurt the animals after they have received this benediction. Thus it is that ſome animals are led by others. We had the curioſity to go to ſee this ſuperſtitious ceremony, which people of underſtanding tolerate to humour the rabble. Laſt year, the baron *de St. Odil*, envoy from *Florence*, unhappily had a fall in his coach from the top of a terraſs: The horſes had not made this pilgrimage; this is a fine example to give it credit.

If there be a ſaint who can protect a country againſt the ſudden increaſe of he waters, he is ſure to be invoked here. We obſerved in paſſing the ſtreets ſeveral inſcriptions relating to the height of the inundations of the *Tiber*. We are informed by *Suetonius*, that *Auguſtus* increaſed the breadth of the channel, that the melted ſnow might run out: There were formerly eight bridges over it, but notwithſtanding all the care of the emperors, the inundations have ſwept away one half of them. This river is neither as broad, as our imagination, which exaggerates every thing relating to the *Romans*, repreſents it, nor as narrow as it is ſaid to be by thoſe who are for leſſening its idea. It receives four rivers before it reaches *Rome*, where it is three hundred feet broad. Neither are the palaces built upon its banks, as inconvenient as we repreſent them. The mildneſs of the climate exempts the inhabitants from a great many wants, with which we are tormented. A multiplicity of croſs-bars and little pieces ſpoils our architecture, and is often very inconvenient to us. There are notwithſtanding perſons of taſte in this town who do us the honour to imitate this mode; amongſt others the princeſs *Paleſtrina*, at the *Barberini* palace, and the Cardinal *Sciarra Colonna*, whoſe entreſoles and little baths, painted in an ingenious manner, are very convenient.

convenient. The ſtory above contains a gallery, a cloſet of books and apartments leſs in ſize, than thoſe that are in faſhion here, and which are not altogether in our taſte either; but of an elegance calculated to pleaſe all nations. His eminence was yeſterday ſo good as to ſhew them to me in their full luſtre. I do not know whether his noble deportment, his penetration and agreeable wit, embelliſh every thing about him; but the exact arrangement of his furniture and his cielings, neither entirely in the *French*, nor intirely in the *Italian* manner, appeared to me to be in the moſt exquiſite taſte.

The conſtable *Colonna* has in his palace a gallery worthy of a ſovereign. In fact the hiſtory of *Corſica* informs us that this family reigned there in the twelfth century. Secular princes have here no ſhare in the government, nor no army to command. They amuſe their leiſure with building, and collecting the rare productions of art; but by their great expence in equipage and ſervants, they ruin themſelves, like our nobility, without making ſo many entertainments. They do not board their livery-ſervants, nor the people that have offices under them; but they make a bargain of ſo much a meal for their table, which cuſtom is highly convenient; there are however ſome grand houſes which have a cook for the whole family. But as habit makes us like

or diſlike food; I cannot yet reconcile myſelf to their ragouts, which are half ſweet, half ſour: All people love the bread of their own country; at *London* I found it bitter on account of the leven; what they call *French* bread at *Rome*, ſeems to me ſalted; nothing however is wanting there to furniſh out an entertainment in our taſte. The fruits and pulſe, the veal and the fiſh are excellent; great barbels, which we are ſo fond of, are here exceeding plenty: All is very cheap; even the houſes and the coaches; but a great many are neceſſary, there are ſome which are intended, as well as their drivers, to ſerve by day, others by night; they have coaches for their confeſſors, for their ſecretaries, their almoners, for the chamber-maids to take the air in on Sundays, and ſo to bring able ſeamſtreſſes, who never walk on foot. Servants in this city do not coſt their maſters half as much as amongſt us; but it is a received cuſtom here, though highly detrimental to the cultivation of lands, to have half as many again as at *Paris*, where too many are already taken from the labours of the field. The *Roman* noblemen have likewiſe a conſiderable number of ſtewards, ſo that their eſtates which they neglect, at laſt fall into the hands of thoſe that are charged with the care of them. Theſe, when they become opulent (in order to enjoy, what they have

have got poſſeſſion of, at eaſe) employ ſtewards likewiſe, and ſuffer them to enrich themſelves. Thus in all places fortune circulates from hand to hand. If it is a great folly to live poorly in order to die rich, it is an inconceivable great one not to know how to moderate our expences; to paſs one's life in an agitation incompatible with the enjoyment of riches, to pay to day by retrenching neceſſaries, the prodigality of the night before, and to purchaſe by a continual want of money a ſatiety of all ſorts of pleaſures. Can an honourable and rational head bear ſuch diſorder? Whilſt I am waiting for an anſwer to this important queſtion, let us walk over the palace of the princes *Juſtiniani*, built upon the baths of *Nero*. To adorn this fine building, it was ſufficient to range in order above ground the treaſures found in its bowels. The gallery is ſo filled with *Egyptian* Idols and Gods, that human beings find it difficult to paſs. Our good Mother nature appears there upon a rock, from which ſhe feeds all the animals that ſurround her. We took notice of a buſt of *Terence*, which reſembles the picture of him in the manuſcript of his works at the *Vatican*. There are as many maſter-pieces of painting in this palace, as there are fine ſtatues. When I examined them, I perceived that a coloured deſign exerciſes the mind of a ſpectator,

more than a deſcription does that of a reader. We are ſometimes obliged to collect the parts of a deſcription, but always to give extent to thoſe of a picture; to deſcend into the ſhades, to raiſe the eminences, lengthen out the diſtances, make the ſeveral objects ſpeak, conjecture the reflections of the painter, and join to them our own. The poet on the contrary can expreſs every circumſtance, can ſhew every object, and unite in one place the different charms of different ſituations, as fruits and ſucceſſive ſeaſons: The bed of his ſhepherdes is at once covered with lillies, violets, roſes and myrtles. He gives to the arbours of the north, the perfumes of *Arabia*; to the ſun, the power of colouring them: His birds ſing in the moſt harmonious notes imaginable; his foreſts have the deepeſt ſhades; he diſplays his landſcapes to the eye, juſt as he thinks proper; every river becomes a *Meander*; and his caſcades fall with the ſame eaſe from a height of three miles, as a ſingle fathom. Nature takes whatever ſhape he thinks proper to give her; ſhe even works miracles: Who ever worked more than *Ovid*? Monſters, and allegorical beings riſe up under his pen; he even leaves room to extend his deſcriptions. But in painting the eye ſees beauty within the limits, to which the artiſt confines it; he ought to be more true and leſs exaggerated; his

his colours notwithſtanding are often more ſtriking than the moſt lively deſcription: But why does he not like the poet lay open the ſubject of his work? We ſometimes are ſo unſucceſsful in looking for it, as not to leave time for admiring the piece: A ſhort explanation would be of great utility. Is it not to be wiſhed that the *Xeuxis*'s and *Praxiteles*'s, had put their own names, and thoſe of each figure to their maſterly performances? We ſhould then be ſeldomer miſtaken in endeavouring to conjecture them. I am always talking to you of pictures and fictions, you will think I live only with inanimate beings. It is quite the reverſe; I enjoy the pleaſures of ſociety more compleatly than at *Paris*, where the over great number of acquaintances renders it difficult to meet with them, prevents our being neceſſary to any body, makes the choice of company difficult, and incapacitates us from enjoying our friends.

The brilliant ſociety, which in ſummer is to be ſeen here every evening at the aſſemblies, ſince the ſecond inſtant upon which the carnival commenced, repairs to the opera two hours after night fall. Our ambaſſador is not yet arrived; ſo that I often have his box. Every perſon of quality has one of his own, receives viſits at it, attends to the ſpectators who converſe with

him, and ſcarce at all to the performers: For my own part, as I chuſe to attend to the words of the piece, I would gladly be diſpenſed from joining in the converſation; but politeneſs requires that in return to that with which I am honoured, I ſhould give up the charms of the melody. There is nothing men are more fond of than variety; this entertainment, which laſts but ſix weeks, does not become tireſome and inſipid like our eſtabliſhed opera. The theatrical performers are likewiſe changed every year; this greatly increaſes their value, as well as that of the dialogue of their pieces, which becomes entirely new with the new performers. The muſic of the operas is inceſſantly renewed, whilſt the words continue the ſame. The author of the piece, always takes care to prefix to it the following proteſtation: *Le voci, Fato, Deitá, Deſtino; et ſimili, che per entro queſto Drama troverai, ſon meſſe per iſcherzo poetico, e non per ſentimento vero, credendo ſempre in tutto quello che crede et commenda la Santa Madre Chieſa.* "The words, Fate, Deity, Deſtiny; and others of the ſame nature, which occur in this dramatic piece, are uſed meerly by poetical licence, as we firmly believe every article which is believed by our holy Mother the church." At this entertainment, ſilence is obſerved only when there is nothing to be heard, that

that is to ſay, during the pantomines, which fill up the intervals between the acts. The ſmooth dance of the graces, is almoſt baniſhed from it, but nimbleneſs and exactneſs are ſtill conſpicuous. The theatres are formed in ſuch a manner as to ſet off the beauty of the deſign, and the delightful decorations encreaſe the deluſion. The great length of the hall prevents us from being diſguſted at ſeeing men in womens clothes amongſt the figure dancers, and the performers in the piece. They are young, well dreſſed, and not half ſo ridiculous as you imagine. This metamorphoſis, which is not much in vogue in the reſt of *Italy*, would not prevent the operas from being intereſting, if they were leſs prolix, if the air which concludes each ſcene, and the dances were leſs frequently repeated, and better connected with the ſubject; and the beautiful recitative more frequent and more affecting. I do not know whether I require impoſſibilities; but what is the reaſon that the dramatic pieces of *Metaſtaſio*, ſo maſterly with regard to the compoſition, and often highly intereſting to the reader, ceaſe to be ſo, when ſet to muſic, and repreſented? Is it becauſe each compoſer retrenches as much as he thinks proper, and obliges the poet to cut his verſe too ſhort, in order to conform to the harmony? Is it that the expreſſion of the paſſions, wants

the

the meaſure properly calculated to affect? Or is it impoſſible for tragedies that are ſung, to draw tears? Let then the *Italians* declaim their beſt pieces of this ſort, and compoſe a ſort of paſtoral comedies with dances and words like ours, to the *Italian* muſick, for ours is altogether tireſome. You will tell me that we have the advantage of the *Italians*, in ſometimes ſhedding tears at our great operas, which muſt of conſequence be more affecting than theirs. This is not the caſe? But the ſinging in our well wrote ſcenes would, if the performers were leſs vociferous, find the way to the heart better than the *Italian* recitative. Perſons of taſte in both nations maintain that out of both operas, one might be formed, better calculated to attract the attention, then that of *Italy*, and leſs inſipid than that of *France*. If *Quinault* charms us by ſentiment, and ſimplicity of ſtile, *Metaſtaſio* has the ſame excellence. His madrigals are affecting and ingenious. I ſent you one ſome time ago which pleaſed you, notwithſtanding the injury it ſuffered by my tranſlating it into *French* verſe, when I was young. In return for your compliment, I have tranſlated another purpoſely to oblige you.

NICE,

NICE, the fatal hour draws nigh,
When thou and I muſt part;
But warm'd no longer by thine eye,
What joy can reach my heart?
How pleas'd am I, when thou'rt in ſight!
But pleaſures all muſt end,
Abſorb'd in one eternal night,
Should'ſt thou forget thy friend.

Whilſt I lament my woes in vain,
Upon the lonely ſhore,
The rocks ſhall echo to my ſtrain:
My lovely nymph reſtore.
My ſoul's a prey to endleſs care,
When I'm remote from thee;
And yet perhaps, ungrateful fair,
Thou think'ſt not once of me.

I oft ſhall to thoſe ſhades repair,
Sweet ſcenes of rural reſt,
Where with the preſence of my fair
I was ſupremely bleſt;
This dear idea will, I find,
Perpetuate my pain:
But when I'm gone, will in thy mind
A trace of me remain?

Behold, I'll ſay, the thicket wild,
Where NICE on me frown'd;
Upon theſe hills ſhe ſweetly ſmil'd,
And all my wiſhes crown'd;

Here

Here I ador'd her ſov'reign will,
She there deſpis'd my tears:
And though I idolize her ſtill,
I'm ſtill poſſeſs'd with fears.

What pleaſures are for thee prepar'd!
What joys thy ſteps attend!
Altars will to thy name be rear'd,
And crowds before them bend.
My homage will, I fear, in vain,
Midſt ſuch a crowd be paid:
Will even a thought of me remain
With thee, oh! cruel maid?

When I am abſent, lovely fair,
Think of the fatal dart,
Which guided by thy ſhape and air,
Transfix'd *Philenus'* heart,
Think that ſuch love deſerves return;
But all my hopes are vain,
NICE for whom I pant and burn,
Forgets her faithful ſwain.

LETTER XXXIV.

Rome, February 20, 1758.

Dear Siſter,

THE cold has laſted here three weeks, and the ſnow has overſpread the earth for many days; a thing which ſeldom happens in this latitude. The Reaumur-thomometer has fallen ſeventy degrees below the congelation, which is at the cypher, and in winter generally ſtands five or ten degrees higher. Formerly the houſes at *Rome*, as well as at *Naples*, were without chimnies: Refinement and delicacy has cauſed them to be erected, but few make uſe of them. The common people have their ſtoves in the ſtreets. There they buy meat, either fried or in fricaſſees.

At the aſſembly of the ladies, in a long ſuit of rooms, without folding doors, a little fire made in one of the apartments, warms all the reſt; but nobody approaches it: The antichambers have braſiers full of burning

ing coals. The fire is looked upon as dangerous in the bed-chambers, and in fact it would be there altogether uſeleſs. The *Swediſh* ſenator, and the *French* auditor of the rota oftenеſt uſe it here. The Abbe *de Canillac* always makes a good fire in his cloſet; but in his hall below ſtairs we dine every day without a fire, and without ever feeling the cold. I could not bear to dine in the ſame manner at *Paris* in winter. I tell you this, to ſhew you the difference of the climate? People take ſo few precautions againſt the inclemency of the weather, here, that in the carnival I pitied the women, when I ſaw them with bare necks, in fine maſks, expoſe themſelves to the ſnow in the ſtreet, called the *Corſo*, where there is a ſurprizing concourſe of people towards the end of the feſtival. The windows and balconies adorned with rich tapeſtries, are filled with ladies, who do not chuſe to mix with the crowd; on each ſide of the ſtreets are paths covered with ſcaffolds, where a variety of maſquerades is to be ſeen; a hundred punches, harlequins and doctors make ſpeeches to the crowd, and throw handfuls of comfits to thoſe that are paſſing by. Even the lacqueys and coachmen aſſume diſguiſes; coaches, and various carriages carry gentlemen maſked, and move ſlowly in two ranks.

In

In the midſt of the gilded equipages, there is every day a race of *Barbary* horſes to be ſeen. I had the curioſity (in company with the princeſs *Galitzin*, who has made a great figure here for ſome time paſt) to ſee them ſet out from the barrier at the *Porta del Popolo*. No deſcription can convey an idea of theſe animals long uſed to races. Their feet beat the ground, their neighings fill the air, the grooms with difficulty check their ardour: They are all eager to paſs the cord which ſerves as a barrier. They run a mile. The pavement all along this ſpace of ground, is covered with ſand; and a guard richly dreſſed, keeps up order and regularity. At a proper ſignal a cannon is fired; the cord is looſed, and the courſers take flight directly: The eye quickly loſes them, another gun is fired off to denote their arrival at the goal, where the governor and the ſenator at St. *Mark's* palace, give the prize, inſtituted by *Julius* II. which conſiſts of a conſiderable number of yards of gold and ſilver brocade. The crowd cries out VIVAT, and the name of the horſe that is conqueror. If the prince *Ruſpiglioſi* triumphs, the ſhouts are redoubled, becauſe he always regales the populace with bread, wine, cheeſe and ham. This champion, who is a great lover of horſes, brings with him every day to the carnival, a carriage (like thoſe which were formerly

formerly to be ſeen at St. *Anthony*'s gate) filled with muſicians. He complimented us with ſerenades, comfits and printed poems, which he cauſes to be diſperſed on every ſide. His maſquerades are always in a new character, and the ſonnets exactly ſuited to the ſubject. This country is overſtocked with them; a great number of the admirers of the fair ſex, (who when at a diſtance from their miſtreſſes, boaſt as much of their favours, as our petit-maitres do) complain bitterly of their cruelty in verſe. Theſe cicisbeo's, or gentlemen-uſhers, in violation of the laws of the *Paladines*, whom they repreſent, defend their miſtreſſes honour very indifferently, but conſecrate every moment of their life to their ſervice. Thus are they reduced to languiſh in indolence to the age of decrepitude. If love tender in youth, frantic in ripe years, and ridiculous in old age, enlightens and improves the minds of men, it often, makes our ſex blind to our intereſts; our eyes are always covered with its fillet. The coquet hurts her reputation, but ſometimes preſerves her virtue; on the other hand, the prude in ſecret ſacrifices her honour, but retains it in the opinion of the public; ſhe that is too tender, meets with ungrateful men; ſhe that is ſimple, with deceivers; they all are loſers, and run too great a riſk, when they engage their affections,

fections, whilſt their lovers are but too ſecure; thus they are not equally matched. Here women are equally addicted to devotion, and worldly pleaſures at the ſame time. Amongſt us, ſome devote themſelves totally to religion, others to pleaſure: If women were not in all countries ſo kept from buſineſs, as to be left entirely to their predominant paſſion of love, perhaps any other ſort of employment would make them more happy. Advice, and reflections, are thrown away upon this article, which always furniſhes the ſubject of the ſonnets I mentioned. Towards the end of the carnival, a prodigious quantity of them is poured into the pit at the opera-houſe, by a large hole in the cieling, through which the luſtre is drawn up, which gives light to the audience before the entertainment begins. A ſhower of gold would more effectually win the beauties of our theatres; but here the nymphs and ſatyrs are baniſhed, and only *Adonis*'s make their appearance. We had eight theatrical entertainments at a time, two burlettas, where the beautiful *Batiſtini*, diſguiſed like a ſervant-maid, diſplayed ſuch graces in his air and attitude, that the cardinal-vicar, who has the public performers under his inſpection, forbid him to play without gloves, or to wear ſhort hoops. Five comedies, or farces, were repreſented in the other theatres, many of

which have five or ſix rows of boxes. There are generally two grand operas in the winter; this year there is but one, on account of the Pope's ill ſtate of health. An arch-wag ſaid the other day: "If his "holineſs is not infallible, he however "ſeems to be immortal?" Nobody wiſhes it more than I do; but I am now upon the pleaſures of the carnival; Who can go through them? Theſe eight theatres are often crowded; next to the grand opera, the burletta is moſt frequented: It is cuſtomary with the ladies to hire two or three boxes, to cauſe them to be furniſhed, lighted out, and ſupplied with refreſhments for the company which they bring with them; ſo that the entertainment coſts them dear, though it is very cheap to the public. The ball, which goes by the name of the feaſt; though there is nothing eaten at it, is likewiſe at a low price. The halls of the nobility, of the citizens, and the lower people, are differently furniſhed. We went there the other day for awhile through curioſity, for nocturnal feaſts by no means ſuit my health: The women at *Rome*, are of a more robuſt conſtitution, eſpecially the burghers wives, many of whom are a week together without going to bed. Their carnival which laſts but a ſhort time, eſpecially this year, is ſo much the more entertaining: It would be much better judged,

to

to permit public diverſions all the year, and to keep up conſtantly one or two theatres at *Rome* for ſtrangers, who are attracted by the beauties of the place, and diſguſted by the want of amuſements. It were to be wiſhed that they all brought with them as much money as the *Engliſh*, who come hither in crowds. This is their tour: at *Naples*, in the middle of the carnival; here at *Rome*, to ſee the ceremonies of the holy week; at the aſcenſion at *Venice*; next at the fairs of *Padua* and *Vicenza*; then they paſs ſome days at *Milan*; reſide during the ſummer ſeaſon at *Florence*, on account of the ſalubrity of the air; in autumn they go to the different fairs, to which the opera calls them, and in winter they repair to *Rome*, to ſee the curioſities. They often make this tour for ſix years together, and good ſenſe at laſt makes them ſtay where they find themſelves well. If I had the ſame courage, I would make a longer ſtay upon the banks of the *Tiber*, which ſuit my conſtitution, better than thoſe of the *Seine*, though it muſt be acknowledged, that the latter afford more amuſements; for my part I can do without them, the people of *Rome* complain of the want of them, and ſo do the inhabitants of moſt of the cities, which I have paſſed through. People are every where equally ſubject to irkſomeneſs: *Paris* and *London*,

are the only places where they dare not complain of it: Would it not ſeem our own fault, if we could find no pleaſures where they abound on every ſide? No, it is the fault of nature; the ſort of recreations in vogue, at the places where we live, are never to our mind. For my part, I am ſatisfied with the tranquillity which I enjoy here; I ſhould attribute to my age the taſte I have for thoſe ſimple pleaſures, which are to be met with every where, if I did not know it to be born with me; I even found it more difficult to procure amuſements, when I was young, than I do at preſent: I need not tell you that beings made for reflection, find no enjoyment in the midſt of continual diſſipations; read the following verſes, which were dictated to me by a wearineſs of mind, before I was thirty years of age.

Amuſements, ſolitude and eaſe,
Grandeur and titles, cannot pleaſe;
Honours no ſolid joy ſupply;
Midſt pleaſures, ſtill we heave a ſigh:
From wealth what anxious cares ariſe,
Troubles, diſguſt, perplexities?
In vain we ſeek the rural ſhade,
There idle ſchemes our minds invade,
And midſt the objects that ariſe,
Content ſincere not one ſupplies.

But

But let us now to books repair,
And ſtrive with thought to charm our care;
Aloud I hear ſoft pleaſure cry,
Can blooming youth love's tranſport fly?
What knowledge doſt thou hope to find?
Eternal doubts will vex thy mind;
Thy ſoul by love ſhould be poſſeſs'd,
By love thou'lt be completely bleſt.
Alaſs! if love ſome joys beſtows,
They're followed by a train of woes.
Next to philoſophy I fly,
But this no comfort can ſupply.
Reflections never will beſtow
The bliſs that mortals ſeek below.
Whilſt happineſs I ſeek, each day
Brings on apace a ſad decay.
In life's dull journey ſhall I go
To the laſt verge, nor pleaſure know?
Still living in ſome future hour,
I wither'd ſee my youthful flower.
What then is left to hope for more?
There's left true wiſdom's ſacred lore:
This bleſſing ever can engage;
But 'tis to ſadneſs chang'd by age.
With each returning year the roſe
Returning bloom and beauty ſhews;
But when our ſpring of life is o'er,
The joys of youth revive no more.

Though I in my infancy thought myſelf diſguſted with the world, I am notwithſtanding

ing of opinion that the laſt comers, are moſt taken with it: The power of novelty is great, it excites admiration, it increaſes pleaſures, it excites anger, provokes envy, and doubles horror; good and evil are diminiſhed by their duration; uglineſs is borne with, love is converted into coldneſs, and even friendſhip ſometimes requires to be renewed by abſence. If in order to be happy in this world, it is requiſite to abſtain from enjoyment, leſt we fall into ſatiety, the world to come promiſes to gratify our deſires without eradicating them. So be it.

LETTER XXXV.

At *Marcareze*, a country-ſeat belonging to the Prince *Ruſpiglioſi*, upon the road to *Civita-vecchia*, *March* 27, 1758.

Dear Siſter,

WE propoſe paſſing a few days here with Cardinal *Paſſionei*, and the Abbe *de Canillac*, to amuſe them after the fifteen days of *Eaſter*; of which I availed myſelf to hear the moſt eloquent preachers. Their manner appears to me to be too declamatory; I heard one of them exclaim in a ſermon upon hell; fire before, fire on the right, fire on the left, fire above and below, fire every where, to terrify the imaginations of his auditors; but he did not tell us how to eſcape falling into it. The pulpits in *Italy*, are a ſort of long balconies, in which the preacher moves and geſticulates at pleaſure: Their eloquence is much leſs directed to the heart, than to the eyes and ears. Too much geſticulation deprives it of all dignity: In *England* too little renders it unaffecting; can we juſtly boaſt of having

having found the medium which is ſo hard to hit? Before I give you a deſcription of the place from whence I now write, I muſt ſend you ſome account of the ceremonies of the holy week, which draw a great many ſtrangers to *Rome*, eſpecially pilgrims, ſome of whom are very prettily dreſſed.

The princes and cardinals waſh the feet of the men, the princeſſes thoſe of the women, and ſerve them. I had the honour to attend the dutcheſſes *Corſini* and *Bracciano*, at the performance of this charitable office, and to carry oil and ſalt to the ſeveral tables to dreſs the ſalades. The feaſt conſiſts of pickled ſalmon, rice, prunes, and apples. The ladies are richly dreſſed, though they wear long aprons: Gallantry finds room every where; their knights preſent them lemons and citrons, to prevent their hands from retaining the ſmell of the female pilgrim, ſome of whom have travelled three hundred miles afoot. Some poor prieſts had travelled in the ſame manner: A dozen of them were choſen out, whoſe feet were waſhed by Cardinal *Delci*, then in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and formerly the Pope's nuncio in *France*. This ceremony, he performed on Maundy-Thurſday, in the room of the Pope, who was diſpenſed from it by his infirmities. The poor prieſts are clothed in white at the expence of his holineſs, their gowns

are

are woollen, their caps and mantles are of ſattin; theſe clothes they keep, as well as the towel which ſerves to wipe their feet; beſides two medals worth a hundred and twenty livres each, and a good ſupper of fiſh, wines and ſweet-meats. On the ſame day there is a grand entertainment made for the cardinals; the order of the deſert and the napkins, pinched in the figures of various flowers, make a pretty ſhew. Cardinal *Paſſionei*, inſtead of partaking of it, was ſo kind as to invite us to dinner at the *Vatican*, with our worthy ambaſſador, who was juſt arrived, and the prince and princeſs *Galitzin*, that we might have an opportunity of hearing the famous MISERERE of *Sixtus*'s chapel, where voices ſo artfully imitate the harmony of organs, flutes and baſſoons, that it ſeems hardly credible that theſe ſongs are accompanied by no ſymphony. A bull was publiſhed by one of the Popes, I cannot recollect which, excommunicating whoever ſhould take or give a copy of this maſter-piece of muſick. Notwithſtanding theſe threats, it was formerly ſtolen and attempted in *France*, where it proved unſucceſsful through the ignorance of the muſicians of that age, compared to the great diligence and application, with which they here ſtudy this ſort of church-muſick, from father to ſon. After having heard the ſervice, which is always performed

performed three days before *Eaſter*, we ſaid our prayers at the *Pauline* chapel, the illumination of which can hardly be borne by the eye, and we paſſed the evening at St. *Peter*'s, where a great croſs of lamps hanging in the air produced a fine effect. There all *Rome*, and the penitent fraternities, with maſks of various colours, and in profound ſilence, inſpired reſpect, and peopled the church, without being able to fill it intirely. But to return to the country-ſeat, where I am at preſent.

I find every thing here to my mind, except the weather and my health, which are not quite ſo good as I could wiſh. When it rains, I play at billiards or ſhuttle-cock, or take the air in my chariot upon the ſea-ſhore, and endeavour to learn in what manner the lands in the territory of *Rome* are turned to account. As this eſtate has a conſiderable lake, well ſtocked with fiſh, beſides woods and paſtures, it brings in a revenue of fifty thouſand livres a year; but three hundred thouſand are hardly ſufficient to ſtock it with flocks, and ſeventy perſons called miniſters, are ſcarcely enough to improve it. If it is let out to farmers, it is neceſſary to leave all the cattle on it, watch carefully in order to find them again when the leaſe is expired, and rigorouſly exact payment. The country has plenty of game and deer, but no ſtags; and

and they catch a great number of boars and wild goats in toils.

Commodus's houſe is uninhabitable, except in the months of *February*, *March* and *April*, on account of the unwholſomeneſs of the air, and the marſhy grounds. The antients, no doubt, knew how to drain them, becauſe theſe plains between the *Appenine* mountains and the ſea, which in their days abounded with inhabitants, now preſent nothing to the view, but the remains of aqueducts, with rows of arches which croſs them every way, a few thatched houſes for the harveſt, and ſtables for the herds. Indolence prevented me from viſiting thoſe of the bufalos. It is ſomething ſurpriſing that theſe animals, which muſt be milked by break of day, are called in their turn by their keepers after their names, and anſwer to this call with their young ones, without any confuſion, and then return in the ſame manner; but if they are not milked immediately, they grow quite outrageous: I have drank their milk, it is very agreeable, does not turn into cream, but produces a good revenue by cheeſe, ſold there for ſeven ſols the pound, at twelve ounces each pound. The ſubjects of the Pope greatly neglect God's command, to earn our bread by the ſweat of our brow; the *Neapolitans* or *Florentines* do their harveſt buſineſs, juſt as the peaſants of *Limouſin*

do it in your country. The many charities at *Rome*, intended to extricate the people out of their miſery, plunge them ſtill farther into it, by giving them up to idleneſs. There are ſeveral convents and palaces, which give ſoup to the populace at different hours; beggars may take five or ſix porrengers in a day, ſo that they cannot want ſuſtenance; the porticos of St. *Peter*'s and the gardens, which reach from the *Piazza di Spagna* to the mount of *Trinity*, ſupply them with beds; the mildneſs of the air makes clothes unneceſſary, and a number of hoſpitals are ready to receive them, when they are become old and infirm. The citizens have no trouble to ſettle their daughters; the ſtate provides for them by a conſiderable number of foundations *. When they bring their huſbands a fortune, they think they have a right to lead an idle life, and are never ſeen in the ſhops, at market, or in public houſes; they do not even attend to do the buſineſs of their kitchen. They are only to be ſeen in the evening taking the air upon their balconies; the proverb however ſays

Donne

* At the proceſſion in which they receive their fortunes, they are cloathed in white, like the ſtatue of *Modeſty*, preſerved from the ruins of antient *Rome*, which is covered with drapery from head to foot, excepting only the eye.

Donne di feneſtre, uve di ſtrada;
Donna virtuoſa non ſa ſtar otioſa.

It does not ſignify, the mother inculcates it into her daughter, that ſhe is to be ſupported either by her huſband, or her charms. The heat of the climate does not ſuffer the country-women to employ themſelves in huſbandry; beſides they are always with child; we ſhould excuſe them for being lazier than the men, and retiring to the little towns near the lands which are cultivated by their huſbands; even the workmen go to lodge there at night, all except thoſe that take care of the granaries and ſtables diſperſed about the neighbourhood. Noblemen but ſeldom retire to the country. I ſend you this account of ruſtic affairs, as you frequently reſide in the country, and take great delight in improving your lands; I approve of your taſte in planting, it is much more amuſing than building; almoſt as ſoon as a houſe is built, it begins to decay, and every year loſes more and more of its value; trees, on the contrary, appear every year more beautiful; the older they grow, the more they become valuable, and every year they are renewed.

I am glad to find that you have purchaſed a teleſcope, and are deſirous of contemplating the heavens. Theſe planets, which are

are ſaid to be inhabited, ſupply the place of company to us in an evening: We may alſo amuſe ourſelves in the country by ſtudying the various ſorts of plants and inſects; when we know their names, we take greater pleaſure in contemplating them: This is the chief buſineſs of the ſhepherds; to increaſe the number of the inhabitants of their country, they people it in imagination with the ghoſts of perſons whom they have never beheld. Theſe miſerable ſpectres cannot ſupply the place of nymphs and ſylvan ſwains, produced by the tender reveries of paganiſm; but an old woman who has nothing to think of, or a young wanton girl, chuſe rather to dread theſe fantaſtic beings, the offspring of terror and idleneſs, than to fancy themſelves left quite alone in a deſert.

LETTER XXXVI.

Rome, April 8, 1758.

Dear Siſter,

THE time of my departure is drawing nigh, and I am ſo apprehenſive of never again meeting with the pleaſures that enchant me here, the charm of the polite arts that amuſe me, and the health which I owe to the climate, that I no longer find any enjoyment at all. To make me the leſs regret the loſs of ſo many pleaſures, and to add new favours to the paſt, Cardinal *Paſſionei* invited us to ſpend a few days at *Tivoli*, a town ſituated upon the mountains, about eighteen miles from the city. The road which leads to it, is lined with ruined tombs. The antients built them upon the high roads, doubtleſs, with a view of perpetuating their memory, and to give their ſucceſſors notice to repair them. Whilſt I was making theſe reflections on the dead, we alighted at a convent of monks who enjoy life, where the worthy

worthy favourite of the cardinal, the Abbe *Speranza**, and the beſt cream I ever taſted, were prepared for our coming. After dinner we arrived at the famous place which we went in queſt of, and perceived at a diſtance an antient temple, the vault of which is intire, and pierced like that of the rotunda, to let in the light. The moſt ſumptuous palace in *Tivoli*, is that of the villa of *Eſte*, painted by *Raphael*, and adorned with a vaſt number of ſtatues. The beauty of the gardens, which are decayed, makes us regret the art and expence beſtowed upon their embelliſhment. There are ſome jet d'eaux's upon the terrace, which ſtill produce a fine effect, and formerly gave the *French* a taſte for ſpouting waters. We are now as much ſuperior to our maſters in this way, and in gardening, as they ſtill ſurpaſs us in architecture. I am ſurpriſed that the great expence which *Lewis* XIV. was at, to found an academy at *Rome*, furniſhed with the beſt models, has not enabled us to make a greater progreſs in this way. Ours is the only court in Europe, which can boaſt of conſtantly keeping here twelve ſcholars in painting, architecture and ſculpture. M. *Natoire*, who is equally eſteemed both for his abilities and his virtues, is now at the head of it. This eſtabliſhment

* Now miniſter and ſecretary to the duke of *Modena*.

ment has ſupplied us with *Appelles*'s and *Phidias*'s, and now promiſes *Vitruvius*'s. We are beginning to adorn the outſide of buildings; but it requires a long time to hit upon the truly beautiful. The *Italians* ſay that hitherto our mixture of the *Greek* and *French* taſte, has kept us wide of it: Yet it is to be hoped we ſhall at laſt attain to it. Let us return to *Tivoli*, where I may ſtill aſk with reaſon, why they lay out ſo many millions in building new ſeats, which are often but indifferent, inſtead of repairing at leſs expence, the noble ſtructures of the laſt century?

They ſhewed me the place, where formerly ſtood the palace of the famous *Zenobia*, queen of *Palmira*, who was carried captive to *Rome* by *Aurelian*, and that of *Quintilian*, with the villa of *Mæcenas*, of which ſix or ſeven arches of a moderate ſize, and one great arch, are remaining. What a pleaſure is it to viſit the places which were formerly inhabited by ſuch great perſonages! I ſoon after inquired of my guides where *Horace*'s houſe formerly ſtood? The remembrance of it is quite effaced by time. The humble roof wanted braſs and marble to perpetuate the memory of its maſter. His merit, however, is ſufficient to immortaliſe his name.

I brought with me ſome of his works to the charming retreat of *Tibur*, which he

has celebrated in ſo maſterly a manner, but had unluckily forgot the volume in which he deſcribes it; yet in order to employ myſelf with the works of this amiable favourite of *Auguſtus*, upon the ſpot which he ſo much loved; I have tranſlated, or rather imitated one of his odes.

Damon, ſince now to grandeur thou doſt riſe,
Be it thy care, thy joy to moderate;
When dangers threaten, with undaunted eyes
Behold them, and intrepid meet thy fate.

Thy days allotted muſt at laſt have end,
Whether thou liv'ſt in ſcenes of love and wine,
Or to the ſtoics rigid precepts bend;
'Tis ſo determin'd by the will divine.

Midſt perfumes, concerts, and the ſweets of eaſe,
Enjoy thy miſtreſs' charms in ſoft repoſe;
Thy ſoul let innocent deluſions pleaſe,
And live ſecure from cares corroſive woes.

Before youth's tranſient flower decays,
To pleaſure conſecrate thy days;
Live ever joyous, laugh and ſmile,
Fate will ſpin on thy thread awhile.

Thy villas, gardens, and eſtate,
With pleaſure ſhall thy heir ſupply;
Sprung from plebeians, or the great,
Alike thou ſoon or late muſt die.

I had the pleaſure of taking a walk upon the mountain, for two or three miles beyond the town, where I believe the delightful author of this ode often walked with *Mæcenas*. This place which goes by the name of *Caſcatelli*, and which ſo many painters have endeavoured to repreſent upon canvaſs, offers to the view a confuſed group of woods, grottos, mountains, precipices, and three or four torrents which roll into them with a loud noiſe. Other leſſer ſtreams iſſue on every ſide from the rocks, burſt upon them, and rolling back in frothy curls, form a thouſand rainbows in the ſun, and loſe themſelves under *Tivoli*, which covers the mountain.

From a bridge at the bottom of it, the proſpect engages the moſt careleſs eye; on one ſide is to be ſeen a little temple of the ſybils, almoſt entire, with elegant fluted *Corinthian* pillars, made of ſtone from quarries belonging to the place, and commonly called *Tiburtine*, of which ſort the *Coliſeo* and St. *Peter*'s church were built. On the other ſide the *Teverone*, called in antient days the *Anien*, falls from a height

of eighteen fathoms in caſcades. This noiſy and impetuous river, after having often changed its channel and its form, unites with the *Tiber* in the plain, and flows on with it in the ſtricteſt union and concord.

At the foot of *Tivoli*, are to be ſeen the ruins of the immenſe palace of *Adrian*, who brought thither from his travels, and there exhibited every thing worthy of notice in *Egypt* or *Greece:* Hippodromes, theatres, lyceums, baths, temples, canopys, *Elyſian* fields, and hell with the rivers *Lethe*, *Cocytus* and *Plegethon* running through it. Suitable ſtatues adorned each place. The ſolidity of the vaults and the walls, even after ſo many ages ſufficiently diſcovers their beauty: A hundred apartments of the *Prætorian* guards are ſtill entire; double walls ten palms thick, ſecure them from falling to ruin. Their ſurface conſiſts of little pavements cut into wedges, the heads of which form a figure reſembling a draught board, and their points are fixed in the mortar upon the brick ſo ſtrongly, that none of them have ſtirred for ſixteen centuries. They are ſo exactly joined, that they appear as ſmooth as ice, and the water finding no entrance could never throw them down, yet this delightful ſeat, laſted only fourſcore years: *Urban* VIII. cauſed a plan of it to be taken, which I will bring you. The civil

wars,

wars, and the emperors, eſpecially *Caracalla*, deſtroyed it to adorn their palaces. How came they to leave there all that the princes of the *Eſte* or *Farneſe* family have taken from thence? They dig there conſtantly, and ſeldom without ſucceſs. Cardinal *Albani* has ſtripped this villa, in order to enrich his own. M. *Furietti** by his perſeverance in ſearching, has got poſſeſſion of a picture in *Moſaic* work, in which the art of *Soſus* has repreſented pidgeons drinking out of a tranſparent veſſel well imitated; it is ſaid that *Adrian* took it out of a houſe in *Pergamus*, in order to adorn his own. *Pliny* ſpeaks of it as of a maſter-piece. The owner has likewiſe dug up a few years ſince two fine centaurs of black marble; after having in the ſame place turned up the earth to no purpoſe during four years, this lover of antiquities found one, and fifteen days after another of the ſame ſort. This was a noble reward for his trouble! I will ſhew you a printed deſcription of it, which he was ſo kind as to make me a preſent of. The country about *Rome* is inexhauſtible in treaſures of this ſort. I am ſurpriſed that ſo many marble ſtatues, as are dug up, ſhould not make us thoroughly acquainted with the habits of the antient *Romans*. They are moſt of them naked, or dreſſed in

* Now Cardinal.

ſuch a variety of ways, that one is puzzled which to fix on. Had they like us the whimſical cuſtom of ſervilely copying even the dreſſes of the *Greeks* their models, when they cauſed their pictures to be drawn, or ſtatues to be caſt? A thouſand years hence, thoſe that ſee our pictures will be inclined to think that we wore the dreſſes, and in many articles adopted the religion of the *Pagans*. In fact, all the Gods of the heathen mythology animate our poems and theatrical entertainments, ſo that an *Aſiatic* entirely ignorant of our religion and manners, if he was to ſee us celebrate in our ſongs, our paintings and our operas, *Mars*, *Cupid*, *Jupiter* and *Bacchus*, and adorn our cielings with the figures of thoſe *Pagan* deities, would not fail to look upon them as the objects of our adoration.

There has lately been found under ground at *Colonna* near *Freſcati*, in a field belonging to the *Borgheſe* family, a modeſt *Venus*. The antients took pleaſure in repreſenting her in this attitude, or the perfection of the *Venus* of *Medicis* cauſed it to be frequently copied. The laſt which has been dug up, is two palms higher than the reſt. Its ſtature is leſs delicate; but the face is more pleaſing, and the figure was divided into fewer pieces. Theſe antique ſtatues generally have the noſe broke: That of this *Venus*, is only a little cracked, the head and the thighs

ſtick

ſtick faſt to the body; the legs which were diſperſed and loſt, are now joined to it; the hand which is wanting, will doubtleſs, be found ſometime or other; and the art of replacing it is here in ſuch perfection, that it will never be perceived that it was broken. The ſtatuaries are as dexterous in repairing marble, as our chirurgeons at ſetting limbs. Near this goddeſs, there has been found a pedeſtal, upon which is a *Greek* inſcription, whence we have room to expect there will in the ſame place be diſcovered a ſatyr, which ſtood under a row of plane-trees, oppoſite to a library of *Lucius Verus*. It is attributed to this conſul, becauſe they found an entire buſt of him in *Parian* marble in the ſame place, where the ſtatue of *Venus* was dug up. Several curious perſons have bargained for it, eſpecially Cardinal *Albani*, who wants it to adorn his new villa. If the natives were at liberty to ſell theſe antiquities to ſtrangers, their prices would be very high; but by a wiſe regulation (though people are ſuffered to take away the bones of ſaints,) they are not allowed to carry out of the country any *Pagan* image, or any ſacred or profane picture, which is the work of a great maſter. I am apprehenſive I have committed a thouſand miſtakes in many deſcriptions which I ſend you; but you ſhould conſider that my ſlight ſketches ought to put you upon look-

ing for the true plans in other authors. I ſhall write to you no more from this place; my time will now be employed in the melancholy buſineſs of taking leave, and packing up my baggage. Figure to yourſelf that I really feel all the concern, with which moſt people pretend to be affected at their departure. The greateſt evil attending long journies does not ariſe from the dangers travellers are expoſed to, but from leaving thoſe we love at the places which we viſit. Notwithſtanding this diſagreeable circumſtance, the time ſpent in travelling is perhaps the moſt pleaſant of our lives, and that which paſſes away moſt rapidly. I never had more pleaſure than in my tour through *England* and *Holland*, and that which I am now making: *Solon* left *Athens* at fifty years of age, to paſs ten years in travelling; *Plato* in his republic makes it a law not to viſit foreign countries before forty or fifty years of age. Do not imagine that I mean to juſtify our conduct by alledging ſuch authority, when I aſſert that it is better to viſit foreign parts in the autumn than the ſpring of life; this opinion may be ſupported by ſolid reaſons. At the age of fifteen and twenty our native country, by which we are careſſed, and in the eye of which we have the attractive of a new blown flower, has likewiſe for us the charm of novelty; we ſhould begin life by enjoying

enjoying it; every thing we behold at that period, ſuggeſts matter for reflection, ſurpriſe and pleaſure. By habit, objects become inſipid to us, as we do to others. Let us then change our country, and we ſhall become new beings; and though men are the ſame every where, their paſſions and their manners, which we ſtudy under new forms, rouſe our attention, and engage that curioſity which employs the minds of young people ſo agreeably; this charm would, doubtleſs, follow any perſon reſolute enough to make a tour round the world, and would conſtantly renew our ſenſations, which time and the diſguſt of always beholding the ſame horizon, render flat and languid.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

Reggio, May 10, 1758.

Dear Siſter,

I HAVE not had time to write to you ſince I left *Rome*, till my arrival in this city: I would gladly have wrote you a few lines even at my departure; but my grief made it impoſſible. The regret which our friends diſcovered when we took our leave of them, encreaſed ours to ſuch a degree, that when I paſſed by *Antoninus*'s pillar, of which I had a mind to take a laſt view, my tears prevented me from ſeeing it. I arrived laſt year with the higheſt ſatisfaction imaginable at the *Porta del Popolo*; I went out of it with the moſt poignant grief, which encreaſed as I proceeded on my journey. We firſt paſſed the *Appenine* mountains, which appear leſs naked than the *Alps*, and have much better roads over them; but theſe are always at the brink of precipices, ſometimes almoſt touching the ſkies, ſometimes as low as the deepeſt vallies.

lies. I however recollect a little place where we lodged, which gave me great pleaſure; the excellent trouts we there eat, a proſpect of the river which produces them, and a very elegant chamber, made us for a while forget the fatigue we had gone through. We were not far from *Loretto*, where we arrived in good health at the governor's, M. *Honorati*, a young prelate of a very amiable character, to whom we had the honour to be known, By his means we had acceſs every where. We ſhut ourſelves up with him in the *Santa-caſa*, to admire the relics entruſted to his care. The wooden image of the bleſſed virgin, of which only the face is to be ſeen blackened by ſmoke, and that of the child Jeſus, ſhine like ſtars by the richneſs of their habits, which are changed every ſeaſon with great ceremony. The cheſts on the right and left ſtill retain their antient veſtments and earthen veſſels, which pious people have inlaid with plates of gold. Many lamps of the ſame metal burn in this narrow receſs. I was almoſt ſtifled with them; this was perhaps what my pious waiting-maid called a holy horror, which ſeized her, as ſhe had been told it would. We went out of this conſecrated retreat to take the air, and contemplate the marble walls, with which the toil of half an age has covered the holy cottage.

The

The conſtant proceſſions of devout perſons of both ſexes, which they are obliged to make upon their knees ſeven or nine times upon the ſteps ſurrounding the incloſure, has cauſed the marble to be very much worn. The number of pilgrims who repaired to it every year, is ſaid to have amounted formerly to a hundred thouſand. I take it to be now conſiderably diminiſhed; but where ſhould new offerings be depoſited? Fourteen cheſts in the veſtry are filled with them, though the ſilver offerings are not thought to deſerve a place in this treaſury. A count of the Empire having apprehenſions with regard to his ſalvation, becauſe he had not been able to fulfil the vow he had made of paying his homage to this ſanctuary in perſon, cauſed himſelf to be weighed, and ſent a ſilver ſtatue equal in weight thither. This ſtory, and my ſeeing this figure kneeling upon a table, made me call this holy place the temple of fear. Here we ſaw heads, legs and arms of gold offered by a hundred different ſovereigns to obtain the cure of their limbs when in danger; the diamond necklace of a princeſs, which ſhe offered in her old age to the holy virgin through fear of hell; a crown of rubies belonging to a king who renounced it in this world, through apprehenſion of not reigning in the other; the pearl bracelets of a beauty, who prayed to the

the bleſſed virgin to preſerve her from the ſmall-pox; and many other periſhable offerings, which the dread of hell-fire has cauſed to be depoſited in this pious abode. I ſhould never make an end, if I was to give you an account of the whole. All I had read and thought, all that your imagination can add to the treaſures, which you thought exaggerated by the relations of proteſtants, will fall ſhort of the number of magnificent preſents which this veſtry contains. One of the moſt miraculous circumſtances relating to this virgin, is that the *Turks* do not come and carry her off. Should ſuch a temptation be put in the way of the infidels? Is it laudable to bury ſo much wealth, which by circulating might contribute to ſupport a multitude of the lord's ſervants? I am wrong in aſking theſe queſtions, becauſe the holy father to whoſe fold I belong, directs that it ſhould be ſo, and ſuffers all the churches in *Italy*, even in the pooreſt villages, to be filled with the moſt precious metals. Is not the fine architecture, the paintings and the ſculpture, which make ſo great a ſhew, ſufficient to adorn them? Flowers, incenſe, and the prayers of the righteous give true pleaſure to the almighty; let us leave the ornaments of gold and precious ſtones to the temples of *Plutus*. My apprehenſions that pirates may rob the *Santa-caſa*, which is ſituated

on

on the gulph of *Venice*, ſuggeſted theſe reflections. Upon ſeeing ſo much marble, and ſuch a ſhew of wealth there, my ſurpriſe was extreme, to find on the neighbouring ſhore, huts made of reeds, as thoſe of the ſavages are repreſented; but ranged in the form of ſtreets, and furniſhed with mere neceſſaries. I entered into converſation with the mother of a family, whoſe whole proviſion conſiſted of bread and raw onions. A conſiderable number of ſilk worms, the only objects of her care, put her in a way of procuring a little linnen. She begged the favour of me to offer them mulbery leaves, in a perſuaſion that when they are fed by a perſon who enters her cottage for the firſt time, no ill can happen to them. The credulity of this woman, her frugality, her poverty and her neatneſs, engaged my attention a long time. I aſked her how much her houſe had coſt her, and how long it had ſtood. She told me it had ſtood ten years, and that ſuch an one might be built for two ſequins. I gave her money to pay half the expence of building one, and appeared to her to be an angel ſent to her aſſiſtance by the bleſſed virgin. We likewiſe chatted with the fiſhermen of the place, who are much more poliſhed than thoſe of our country. Servants ſeem to be better bred at *Rome* than at *Paris*. Inſtead of being uſed in the country to look after beaſts

of

of burthen, they are from father to ſon brought up in town to pleaſe, and pay an exact obedience to maſters, whoſe exactneſs is one of the chief charms of ſociety. I cannot conceive why ſo many of the *French* ſhould think that people may without any reaſon diſappoint thoſe they are engaged to, when parties are made merely for amuſement: This ſyſtem is quite deſtructive of that pleaſure which we all ſeek in ſociety: but to return to *Loretto*. A quarter of an hour brought us back thither. There is nothing curious in this place, except a grand church, the market-place in the midſt of which is a fine fountain, with a ſtatue of *Sixtus* V. and the governor's houſe where we lodged. The ſtreets of the town are narrow, lined with public-houſes and ſhops full of images, and beads for pilgrims*. They there ſell a map of the travels of the *Santa-caſa* or holy houſe, which was brought by *Angels* in the time of *Boniface* VIII. from *Nazareth* to Mount *Terſato* in *Dalmatia*; three years afterwards to the coaſt of *Italy*, on the other ſide of the gulph; and from thence to a neighbouring hill covered with laurel trees, whence the name of *Loretto* is derived, and with the ruins of a temple of *Juno*, which ſerved as a foundation to the holy houſe. We left it at noon in

* This ſpecies of devotion was invented by *Urban* II. in 1291.

in order to paſs the night at *Ancona*, a ſea-port town with marble ſteps, which have laſted ſince the times of the antient *Romans*. We ſtill ſee upon *Trajan*'s medals a triumphal arch erected upon the mole, in acknowldgement of that emperor's having repaired the port at his own expence. On the ſummit of the promontory which forms it, ſtands a temple of *Venus* metamorphoſed into the church of St. *Cyriacus*. The city by narrow ſtreets riſes upon the eminence where the citadel commands a proſpect of it. At the foot of the mountain we ſee the town-houſe and the change. Upon leaving *Ancona*, we paſſed through *Sinigalia*, an antient city famous for its fair, where they are endeavouring to repair the ſide oppoſite to the ſea-coaſt. Near this port is a mountain, called *Aſdrubal*, in remembrance of the defeat and death of that *Carthaginian* general upon the *Metro*. On the plain before that river *Totila* king of the *Goths* was conquered by *Narſes* general to *Juſtinian*. *Fano*, where we afterwards ſtopped, took its name from a temple of fortune; which was erected by the city of *Rome*, five hundred and forty ſeven years after its foundation, in commemoration of the victory there gained over *Aſdrubal*, who loſt fifty thouſand men in the engagement. *Totila* ruined the town, *Beliſarius* repaired it, and *Paul* V. ſurrounded it with ſtrong walls. It is

retty ſtrong on the ſide of the port, in which notwithſtanding there are only a few little barks. We there ſaw a fine theatre*, and a triumphal arch thirty cubits high in honour of *Auguſtus*. Time has quite ſpoiled it; but in a neighbouring chapel is kept a ſtone, upon which the whole form of this edifice is engraved. *Peſaro* upon the ſame ſhore has nothing in it pleaſing, but its ſituation near the ſea. From thence to *Bologna* we ſaw nothing worthy of notice. It gave me high ſatisfaction to meet there with count *Algarotti*, and others whom we were ſo happy as to get acquainted with in our firſt paſſage; but I received likewiſe a letter in which advice was given us to ſtop there, becauſe his holineſs was very ill. This information occaſioned us the higheſt perplexity. The time of holding the conclave ſeemed to be near at hand, but the good conſtitution of *Benedict* XIV. had often ſaved him: As we had great hopes that he would again recover, we reſolved to come hither to the fair of *Reggio*, where great multitudes repair on account of the excellence of the opera. The dances which

* Moſt towns in *Italy* have a finer theatre, than any we have at *Paris*. If my opinion could be of any weight after that of Monſ. *de Voltaire*, I ſhould aſk how it comes that amidſt all our ſuperfluous expences, we ſhould neglect one ſo neceſſary for public convenience, and for the reception of ſtrangers who do us the honour to viſit us.

are ſuperintended by *Pitrot* are very grand; I lately ſaw one in the *Chineſe* taſte, in which there were five or ſix times more figure-dancers, and triumphal cars, than in the *Chineſe* dance ſo much admired at *Paris*. I aſked *Pitrot* how ſo ſmall a town could ſupport ſo many performers, and be at ſuch expence in decorations? He told me the ſecret. The undertakers in ſix weeks loſe ſixty thouſand livres and upwards upon the opera, and clear a hundred thouſand by the gameſters, who are allured by the magnificence of the entertainment. Upon our going out of this theatre, I received a letter from Cardinal *Paſſionei*, which threw us into new perplexities. We are informed by his eminence that the Pope is dead, and he tells us we muſt without delay return to *Rome* upon account of the conclave, offering to lodge us in his palace, while he ſhuts himſelf up with the cardinals. The hundred and fifty leagues give leſs uneaſineſs to me than to my fellow traveller, who does not care to go the ſame journey twice. In a word, that we may have time to reflect, as we are but three leagues diſtant from *Parma*, we agreed to go, and take a view of the wonders of the *Farneſian* family.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Genoa, May 8, 1758.

Dear Siſter,

YOUR letters which I received at *Parma*, gave me a momentary conſolation in my grief at finding my deſires thwarted the day after my arrival. The night had given me ſufficient time to take a reſolution either to continue our journey or return back. I reflected I ſhould not be able to go to ſee you before autumn; that in ſummer we ſhould find our friends diſperſed upon the banks of the *Seine*; and that in the mean time our friends at *Rome* deſired our return; at laſt the love of *Rome* prevailed. I determined to go back to that city; but my *Mentor* was differently inclined: A thouſand difficulties oppoſed his inclination to oblige me; my remonſtrances were vain, and my mortification very ſenſible. Nothing but the kindneſs with which the Infant honoured me, could have made me forget it. His royal highneſs was

ſo good as to admit us to his table at his ſeat at *Colorno*, and ordered that the tragedy of *Iphigenia* in *Tauris*, which had been highly applauded at *Paris* during our abſence, ſhould be repreſented for us. The player who performs the part of *Oreſtes*, diſcovers genius: The actreſs who played *Iphigenia*, though very young, promiſes to make a great figure. The *French* comedy, and the *Italian* opera are in vogue all over Europe; this general preference aſcertains the merit of the two entertainments.

The theatre of the court of *Colorno* is beautifully adorned, and larger than that of *Verſailles*. The palace, built with *Italian* elegance, conveniently laid out, and furniſhed in the *French* taſte, commands a proſpect of delightful gardens. Every object ſeen there, diſcovers the taſte and munificence of the prince: I obtained likewiſe from his goodneſs permiſſion to pay my moſt humble reſpects to the Infanta *Iſabella**, whoſe praiſes are ecchoed all over *Italy*. This is perhaps the firſt time that there ſhould be nothing retrenched from the extravagant praiſes beſtowed upon perſons of her rank: What I have ſeen of her, and what I have been told of her by ſome of her ſincereſt courtiers, ſurpaſſes all that common fame has publiſhed concerning her charms

* Now the archdutcheſs.

charms and her talents. The violin enchants in her hands, and colours raviſh us when ſhe uſes the pencil.

No object ſtruck my gazing eyes
In *Italy*, with more ſurprize;
The portraits, which we there admire
Of *Venus*, or the tuneful choir,
In marble, or poetic lays,
Are ſingle ſtrokes of beauty's praiſe.
Minerva by her wiſdom ſhone,
Juno by Majeſty alone;
In matchleſs *Hebe*'s blooming face
We ſee the lines of youthful grace:
Here *Greece*'s fabled charms combine,
To repreſent a nymph divine.

The perſon, and forward penetration of the young Infant, likewiſe promiſe wonders. I had the happineſs to find with him, in quality of preceptor, one of my beſt friends, who was lately ſent to this court by the Infanta: I mean the Abbe *de Condillac*, whom you know to be as reſpectable for his morals and behaviour, as for his works At our interviews, which laſted a long time, I had the pleaſure to ſee that he was quite in raptures with his pupil. He aſſured me that this prince already conceives the moſt abſtract ideas. Monſ. *de Keralio*, the ſubgovernor takes as much pains as the Abbe in this important education. Their ideas,

their humours, and the diſpoſition of their pupil, are ſo well ſuited that every thing promiſes them ſucceſs. They invited me to dinner together with Monſ. *du Tillaut*, comptroller of the Infant's exchequer, a man of genius, who makes a great deal of a little, and joins order and elegance to magnificence. The Abbe *Frugoni*, a celebrated poet in the ſervice of this court, was one of the company. We had a long converſation together. He accuſes himſelf of an indolence which his vivacity ſhews to be only pretended: The coffee which he is conſtantly taking, increaſes it ſo, that he is obliged to cool himſelf every month by bleeding. I greatly diſapproved of his regimen. To revenge himſelf for this reprimand, he propoſes to tranſlate my *Colombiad**. In fact the beauties, which he would not fail to add to it, would ſet its faults in the ſtrongeſt light.

We went with this good company to ſee the biſhop of the town, who though advanced in years is a very agreeable man; we alſo viſited his cathedral, which was painted by *Coreggio*, and the *Farneſian* theatre, which is the largeſt in *Italy*. The inſide is contrived

* The ingenious author of the poem of *Abel*, Mr. *Geſſner*, ſent me a tranſlation of the *Colombiad*, printed in ſeventeen hundred and ſixty two, at *Glogau* and *Leipſick* in *German*. As I do not underſtand that languague, which now may boaſt of many excellent poets, I cannot judge of the merit of the work; but I here return them to the author.

contrived in ſo maſterly a manner, that a low voice can be heard all over it. Inſtead of boxes, there are ſeats erected in circles, as formerly at the concerts in the *Tuilleries*. The pit can be filled with water to the height of three feet. The gondolas gilt and illuminated, which ſail upon this little lake, produce a fine effect. This vaſt theatre is made uſe of only upon extraordinary occaſions. The ſtreets of the town are of a good breadth, and the ſummer palace of the prince without the gate, is highly to my taſte. I quitted theſe delightful places with great regret, that I could not return to *Rome* during the conclave, and went through *Placentia*, a city well ſituated, but poorly inhabited *.

Though we had croſſed the *Alps* and the *Appenines*, the *Bochetta* gave us a great deal of trouble. Near the ſummit, for fear of the precipices, we deſcended from our carriage, and walked with a north-wind full in our teeth, and in a fog ſo thick, that we could hardly find our way. We then mounted it again, thinking it a matter of indifference whether we fell

* Upon a mountain eighteen miles diſtant, from this town, and near *Maſſiniſſa*, was lately diſcovered the antient *Veïleia*, where people lived a hundred years. It was reſerved for the *Bourbons* to diſcover in *Italy*, the cities which had been buried and forgotten. The ſtatues and medals, which have been dug up here, adorn the cabinets of *Parma*, and the learned Count *de Caylus* from *Paris*, directs the workmen to dig for theſe treaſures, according to the plans which are ſent him.

down the precipices in our coach, or on foot. As we deſcended on the other ſide of the mountain by a very rough road, by degrees the warmth of the ſun began to be felt. *Genoa* diſcovered itſelf on a ſudden to our eyes, aſtoniſhed with ſo ſudden a change of climate. From the bottom of the mountain to the town, the bed of a torrent, which ſtops travellers after it has rained, ſerves them as a road when it is dry, and torments them by the vaſt ſtones which the rain brings together. There are fine palaces in *Genoa* *, ſuch as thoſe of *Doria*, *Durazzo*, &c. beautifully painted on the inſide, and perfumed by great terraſſes covered with orange and citron-trees: That of our miniſter, the Count *de Neuilli*, diffuſes its delightful odours even to the ſtreets. We dined there in the moſt magnificent manner the day after our arrival, with the Marquis *Lomellini*, who made a great figure at *Paris* by his agreeable wit, and the Marchioneſs *Brignole*, who ſtill diſplays all the charms which made her ſo much admired in that metropolis. Theſe are the verſes which were compoſed in honour of this beautiful lady, who has lately performed

* In this city, built in the form of an amphitheatre, they have no occaſion to inhabit the ſecond ſtory, that they may have the more air, as at *Rome*, where it is cuſtomary for the great to leave their firſt ſtories, for the ſtatues and pictures, which ſtrangers come to viſit, and to make uſe of thoſe apartments, only upon days of ſome extraordinary ceremony.

performed there the part of *Iphigenia* in *Tauris*, in our language.

When you perform the prieſteſs' part,
You ſo delight each feeling heart,
A Goddeſs *Brignole* you ſhine:
That grace, that majeſty divine,
Might ev'n without bright beauty's aid,
Make homage at the ſhrine be paid.
Diana's ſelf is not ſo fair;
Nor can her grace with yours compare;
We compliment that heav'nly dame,
When we addreſs you in her name.

We did not ſee a *Genoeſe* lady more finely ſhaped at the *Doge*'s aſſembly, to which the Counteſs of *Neuilli* and her amiable daughter were ſo good as to accompany us. A hundred and fifty ladies filled the vaſt apartments of the pompous priſon of this chief of the commonwealth, and King of *Corſica*, who is not allowed to quit them during the two years that he is at the head of the government. I did not fail to pay my reſpects to the picture of *Chriſtopher Columbus*, which is kept in one of the halls where the ſenate aſſembles. There the reverend father *Juſtiniani*, a great admirer of the *Belles Lettres*, preſented me with a pretty copy of verſes of his own compoſition, of which my hero was the ſubject. I likewiſe in another hall took a view of the ſtatue

erected in honour of the *Marechal de Richlieu*, which would appear to greater advantage if it had leſs drapery, and ſtood by itſelf upon a pedeſtal, inſtead of being thruſt into a niche with a heap of ornaments about it. I likewiſe viſited the country-ſeat of this conqueror of *Mahon*, which is ſituated in one of the ſuburbs. The proſpects, and the waters round it are delightful; perſons of taſte alway chuſe the happieſt ſituations for their reſidence.

To thoſe who are upon their return from *Rome*, the churches ſo much boaſted of in *Genoa*, appear leſs grand and noble, though they have ſtill a conſiderable ſhare of beauty. We yeſterday aſcended one of the higheſt, to contemplate a fine proſpect of the ſea and the city which is built in the form of an amphitheatre. There are few ſtreets broad enough for coaches to paſs in them. But why were our anceſtors ſo ſparing of their land, which was cheaper than ours? All the towns built by them, are ſo cloſe and ſo badly paved, that we cannot walk in them without trembling, and have ſcarce room to breathe. Their ſtreets, which are narrow and winding, ſheltered them the better from ſun and wind, as we are told. This anſwer appears by no means ſatisfactory? *Genoa* is paved with broad ſtones for the conveniency of thoſe who walk a-foot, and the rich who are carried in ſedan-chairs.

The opera-houſe * is worthy of the excellent performers who are there at preſent. *Manzoli* and Signora *Gabrieli*, who have all the graces of figure, voice and declamation, are its chief ornaments. I ſhall not attempt to give you any furtber account of a country, where I made but a ſhort ſtay, and where my mind was always taken up with the project, or rather folly of deſiring to return back again to the place I came from. To day I am to embark aboard a felucca? Why cannot I again turn it towards the coaſt of CIVITA VECCHIA! my Mentor will, doubtleſs, make it ſail towards *Marſeilles*. Farewell; I ſhall one day make known to you all my uneaſineſs.

LET-

* There I obſerved that *Italy*, as the mother of muſic, has the privilege of uſing the *Italian* words, *da capo*, to give the performers notice to ſing a ſong twice. The *Engliſh* borrow the *Italian* word, *ancora*, and the *French*, the *Latin* word, *bis*.

LETTER XXXIX.

Avignon, June 15, 1758.

Dear Siſter,

I AM now lodged here at the *Vice-Legate*'s, who is Cardinal *Paſſionei*'s nephew. I thought I ſhould not be obliged to trouble him above three days. My fellow-traveller was ſeiſed with the gout upon the very day of our arrival, and has been confined to his bed by it theſe three weeks. The town and the houſe I live in pleaſe me highly; but the accident which detains me there, and the fear of being troubleſome to my amiable hoſt, give me great uneaſineſs. I deferred writing to you till now, as I waited till I could be able to inform you of our departure: I hope the time is not far off. I ſeize a moment of leiſure to give you an account of my travels, ſince I ſet out in a boat from *Genoa*. Sickneſs and melancholy embarked with me, I could neither read nor write: My chief buſineſs was to inquire whether no *Algerine* pirate, or *Engliſh* privateer

vateer was coming to take us; to conſider the difficulty of following upon land that coaſt over which our armies formerly paſſed; to admire the ſtrength of our rowers, and leſſen their trouble by conſenting to hoiſt ſail. The keen appetite with which they eat black bread and onions, confirmed me in my opinion concerning the dangerous multiplicity of our diſhes. Their bare legs, feet and arms, their ſhirts and linnen trouſers, which are waſhed every day, appeared to me leſs diſguſting than the filthy rags of the common people.

Whilſt I made theſe reflections, we ſoon arrived at *Antibes*; but we were ſo imprudent that though we might have taken poſt there, we again embarked aboard our feluccas, in a high wind, which increaſed to ſuch a pitch that we were in danger of being drowned. We indeed went through a great deal that morning. The captain himſelf adviſed us to take ſhelter in an ordinary haven near *Frejus*, which we entered with great difficulty. We made haſte to land; and at noon I found myſelf upon a ſcorching ſand far from all ſhelter. Whither ſhould I fly? Had it not been for a good woman, who left me in her cottage, while ſhe went to hear maſs, I do not know what I ſhould have done. M. *du Bocage*, who ſtayed upon the ſhore, ſent to the town, which was about a league diſtant, for people to help

help to put our carriage in order, which had been taken to pieces in the boat. The workmen, who were ignorant bungling fellows, tired his patience, and left the work; one to go to dinner, another to hear evening prayers. The poſtilion had no harneſs for his coach, the clerks of the cuſtom-houſe wanted to ſearch him, and the ſun fired his blood, which boiled with hunger and inquietude. Three or four hours paſt in this manner, cauſed him to be taken ill of the gout, of which he has not yet recovered. I was in the mean time with my faithful *Du Caſtel*, in a very clean garret; bread and hard eggs which we found in the kitchen, where the good woman's ſoup was upon the fire, afforded us a delicious repaſt. A ſmall window, from whence we had a proſpect of the ſea, refreſhed us with a little air: A view of the rocks and the herds which covered the meadow, formed ſo pleaſing a ſight, that if my kind hoſteſs had one or two little rooms to ſpare, I ſhould have requeſted her to let us reſt a few days at her cottage. After the hurry of viſiting palaces, and being toſſed by the waves in a boat; eight days of reſt at her little hut would, doubtleſs, have been highly agreeable to us. All things were at laſt ſet to rights. We had not time to take a view of the antiquities of *Frejus*. A ſtony and mountainous road carried us to *Toulon*, the port of which

which town I found much leſs beautiful, than it had been repreſented to me. We left it to go to *Marſeilles*, where we arrived after paſſing through a long ſuburb, in which I was ſtifled with heat and duſt. I do not know whether a violent head-ach, with which I was then tormented, put me out of humour, or whether I had been too much prepoſſeſſed in its favour; but this port no more anſwered my expectation than the other. The quay is made narrow by the lodgings of the galley-ſlaves, who have been removed thither from *Toulon*, ſo that people hardly have room to paſs. The new town has fine regular ſtreets; but the winding ſtreets of the old town are much better ſuited to a country parched up by the ſun, and conſtantly expoſed to ſtorms. Our anceſtors were often right in avoiding our regularity in their ſtreets, and their few caſements preſerved them better both from heat and cold. We wanted to ſee M. *de Viſclede*, a celebrated member of the academy of *Marſeilles*; but he was then in the country. M. *Barthe*, who by his poetical genius has won many prizes, is now at *Paris*. *Annibal*, a ſoldier born in the reign of *Lewis* XIII. lives ſo far from the town, that I had it not in my power to go to ſee him; this veteran is one hundred and eighteen years of age, in a florid and

vigorous

vigorous ſtate of health. I ſtayed too ſhort a time at this city to give you any account of the inhabitants. As we went out, we took a view of their country-houſes, of which you muſt doubtleſs, have heard a great deal. I cannot conceive how they can be inhabited by men. They are ſmall enough for Lilliputians; their ſituation upon a ſcorching ſand is proper only for ſalamanders; and the dry ſoil, which neither produce harveſts, nor affords any ſhelter, might be ſuitable to ſylphs. Perhaps this diverſity of objects conſpires to form an agreeable proſpect: But we were obliged to quit theſe places, in order to ſee at *Aix*, a famous proceſſion of virgins, angels, devils and monks. We arrived there the night before this whimſical ſhew was to be exhibited, and went all over the town to look for a lodging; we found it very regularly built, and the ſtreets of a good breadth. I diſcovered ſome ſurpriſe at ſeeing ſo many ſedan-chairs, filled with handſome women richly dreſſed. They told me that "M. *de Villars*, who makes a great figure there, gives a ball this evening, and that there was ſuch a concourſe of ſtrangers on account of the proceſſion, and the feſtival on the day following, that it would be impoſſible for us to find a lodging." I afterwards diſcovered that the duke would have aſſiſted us upon the occaſion, but rather than trouble him,

him, we wandered about all night in queſt of an apartment. I never before heard the nightingales ſongs better of a moon-light night. We ſtopped for a while to have our harneſs ſet to rights, and I was highly delighted with this nocturnal melody. I do not know whether philomela, who loves warm countries, ſings as melodiouſly in our cold climates. Our horſes went ſo faſt, that we were ſoon deprived of this delightful concert, and we went to lodge at a palace a few leagues from *Avignon*, where we arrived the day following. The walls of this city, founded by the *Phocians*, and ſold to Pope *Clement* VI. by *Joan* queen of *Naples*, are very fine; the rampart planted all round with trees, forms a pleaſant walk, in which a great number of ladies are to be ſeen as richly dreſſed, as at the *Tuilleries*. None of the towns in our provinces are frequented by ſo much company of the firſt quality. The noblemen of the country obtain diſtinguiſhed honours in the ſervice, marry at *Paris*, and retire to this place. The Marchioneſs of *Vaucluſe*, has an aſſembly there in the evening. They ſup together, they play cards, and there is always good company to be met with, ſome of whom write very pretty verſes. The obliging compliment which I received this morning from the Marquiſs of *Peruſſi*, lieutenant general, occaſioned by a col-

lection of the poems of the academy *degli Arcadi*, compoſed to my honour, flatters my vanity ſo highly that I cannot avoid ſending you the following copy of it.

The *Roman* Muſes in theſe lays,
To heaven thy matchleſs glory raiſe;
But thy own verſes theſe excel,
None others praiſe thee half ſo well.

This pretty madrigal reminds me of another of the ſame kind, worthy of being preſerved, which I received at *Rome* from M. *de la Condamine*; the difficulty of giving a new turn to ſo high ſtrained a compliment, authoriſes me to ſend you the verſes themſelves.

Uniting *Venus'* charms to *Phœbus'* dart,
The mind thou doſt ſubdue, and win the heart;
Could *Scuderi* behold thy brilliant page,
Her tortur'd heart would burſt with envious rage:
But ſtill that lady's parts more ſprightly ſhine,
And her poetic ſkill ſurpaſſes thine:
Her features though deform'd, her wit could hide;
Thy wit eclipſes not thy beauty's pride.

The

The Marquiſs of *Cambis*, who cultivates literature, and is an admirer of antiquities, has informed me that *Alain Chartier*, ſecretary to the kings *Charles* VI and VII. was born in *Normandy*, and buried in fourteen hundred and forty nine, in St. *Anthony*'s church, at *Avignon*. Under an elegant *Latin* epitaph, we read the following words :

Maitre Alain, du quel Dieu ait l'ame
Le quel ci giſt ſous cette lame.

Maſter *Allen*, God reſt his ſoul, lies here interr'd.

In a hall belonging to the *Celeſtines*, of this city, is to be ſeen a picture of death, painted in the fifteenth century, by *Renatus* of *Anjou*, King of *Naples*: It repreſents a woman in a coffin half eaten by worms, and dreſſed according to the faſhion of the times; from the top of her cap, made in the form of a ſugar-loaf, a ſort of hood reaches from the back down to the ground; this was an ornament of women of quality in this country; citizens wives did not wear it below the ſhoulders. We are informed by tradition, that *Renatus*, who was in love with this lady, compoſed the following

lowing verſes, and cauſed them to be inſcribed at the bottom of her picture.

My beauteous form all women's charms
ſurpaſs'd,
But death has made me ghaſtly look at
laſt.
My fleſh was ſoft, and lovely to the ſight,
But now to aſhes turn'd, gives no delight.
My perſon once a peerleſs ſhape diſplay'd;
In gorgeous ſilks I often was array'd;
Sometimes in green was dreſt, ſometimes
in grey,
But now upon my entrails reptiles prey.
I once in lofty palaces did dwell,
A little coffin ſerves me now as well.
With tapeſtry my chamber was hung
round,
But ſpiders now my dwelling place ſur-
round.
Of numbers once I ſeem'd the chief de-
light,
They prais'd me loud, when I appear'd
in ſight:
My matchleſs graces admiration rais'd,
But now they are wither'd, and no lon-
ger prais'd.
Let her reflect, who in full luſtre ſhines,
That towards her end ſhe ev'ry day de-
clines:
Ladies whate'r on earth may be your ſtate,
Strive to do good before it is too late;

As

As low as me one day you all muſt lie,
For mortals all like me were born to die.

Francis I. likewiſe wrote the following epitaph, upon the tomb of the beautiful *Laura*, who was buried at the *Cordeliers* convent, in this city, in the year thirteen hundred and forty eight.

You here behold reduc'd to narrow ſpace,
Her whoſe renown great compaſs does embrace.
In eloquence her lover all ſurpaſs'd,
His works to late poſterity will laſt.
Oh! gentle ſhade, of virtues rare poſſeſt,
Silence profound will ever praiſe thee beſt;
Words are but wind, and little ſenſe impart,
When the grand theme ſurmounts the ſpeaker's art.

The vice-legate made me copy theſe verſes from the manuſcript kept in the veſtry, which is almoſt moldered into duſt. This prelate, was likewiſe ſo complaiſant as to accompany me to ſee *Vaucluſe*, which is ſix leagues diſtant from hence, and where

the canon *Petrarch* * ſighed twenty years for *Laura*†: Perhaps he was not the leſs devout notwithſtanding. Men in former ages loved both God and their miſtreſſes with greater ardour, than they do at preſent: We are leſs tender, but more talkative. In thoſe antient days, cardinals and biſhops wrote amorous ſonnets; every thing gained approbation, that was written in imitation of *Petrarch*. The poems of this admirable author, who bewailed his miſtreſs for ten years, are in every body's hands; and the ruins of his country-ſeat are ſtill to be ſeen upon a rock near this fountain, of which you have read ſo many beautiful deſcriptions. Its tranſparent waves form a purling ſtream at its very ſource, then encircle the town, which is for that reaſon called an Iſland, water the meadows and the trees which ſurround it, rendering it an abode of delights, and furniſhing it with excellent trouts and crayfiſh.

* In the lives of illuſtrious men, by father *Niceron*, ſee the curious deſcription of the triumph of *Petrarch* at *Rome*, when he was crowned poet-laureat.

† She was a long time thought to be of the houſe of *Sade*; but the Abbe of that name, who was very capable of giving a true account of her, upon making an inquiry into her life, which he is now writing, has found many proofs that ſhe was of the noble family of *Nove*, now extinct, and was married to one of the *Sade* family, and did not die a maid according to the received opinion. Anecdotes would be often found to be equally erroneous, if they were examined with care.

fiſh. Our kind conductor treated us with both: The Marchioneſs of *Montague*, who, in order to accompany me, ſubmitted to bear an inſupportable heat, in viſiting the enchanted ſprings of *Vaucluſe*, was likewiſe of the party. In the company of my amiable hoſt, I often have the pleaſure of taking a walk out of the town, the ſituation of which pleaſes me highly: This truth I have thus expreſſed in the language of fiction.

The God of taſte, the tuneful nine,
Upon this ſhore indulgent ſhine;
Their choiceſt votaries unite
To touch the heart, and pleaſe the ſight.
A child, whoſe pow'rs none can oppoſe
From *Tagus* to where *Ganges* flows,
Does even in her tender age
The hearts and eyes of Gods engage:
A wiſe and learned paſtor tends
His flock, and beſt of laws commends.
The earth her gaudieſt flowers diſplays,
And birds pour notes from all the ſprays.
That travellers might here reſide,
Heaven has diffus'd on ev'ry ſide
Bleſſings throughout this favour'd land,
Where pontiffs hold ſupreme command.

All theſe delights muſt be given up: The time of our departure is come, my fellow-traveller will I hope get rid of his gout in the journey.

LETTER XL.

Lyons, July 8, 1758.

Dear Siſter,

YOU adviſe me to viſit *Niſmes*; we have not neglected your advice. M. *du Bocage*, notwithſtanding his gout has with the aſſiſtance of his chairman, viſited it in my company. Fame, which exaggerates the ſtrength of *Hercules*, and repreſents him as capable of every thing, tells us that this city was founded by that hero. Its antient incloſure was very extenſive and filled, as at *Rome*, with a *Campus-martius*, temples, baths and an amphitheatre, built by *Caius* and *Lucius*, grand-ſons of *Auguſtus*. The *Goths* mutilated it, in order to build a caſtle there, which was demoliſhed by the *Engliſh* in the fifteenth century. In this *Circus*, which is much leſs than that of *Verona* and the *Coliſeo*, the lower gallery is ſtill almoſt intire. A VOMITORIO* of the ſecond led us to the higheſt ſeat. There we

* Stairs, which led from the gallery on the out-ſide to the innermoſt ſeats, where the ſpectators were placed.

we ſat down to lament the barbarous taſte, which has filled the area with little miſerable houſes. Cardinal *Richlieu*, and *Lewis* XIV. wanted to have them demoliſhed: The leſs I am able to conceive what prevented them from ſucceeding in this deſign, the more difficult I ſhould think it. There we beheld ſubterraneous caverns for the reception of the wild beaſts, intended for the combats, and conduits to water the gladiators ſtage, leſt the ſand of it ſhould be too ſlippery, and to prevent the traces of their blood from appearing on it, ſo as to ſhock them. The quadrangular houſe, another work of the *Romans*, is ſtill intire. It is the received opinion, that the emperor *Adrian* cauſed it to be built at his return from *England*, that odes might be there ſung in honour of *Plautina*, who perſwaded her huſband *Trajan* to adopt him. Time has preſerved a monument erected to gratitude, as ſomething very extraordinary. I read likewiſe that this emperor carried his gratitude ſo far, as to decline the honours of a triumph prepared for his benefactor, and would have had the image of the deceaſed emperor ſet up in his place. To return to this little ſtone temple, the moſt compleat, and leaſt disfigured of any of thoſe which remain ſince the age of the *Cæſars*: It is twelve fathoms long, ſix high; and thirty fluted pillars of the *Corinthian*

rinthian order ſurround it. The Abbe *Barthelemi* has taken a plan of the holes which are ſtill to be ſeen in the frontiſpiece, in order to reſtore the letters of braſs which were, doubtleſs, fixed to it. This amiable antiquary has found the alphabet of *Palmira*, which was loſt, and will, it is to be hoped, ſoon diſcover the name of the real founder of this edifice, which ſo many others have endeavoured to find out to no purpoſe. Let us applaud the juſt taſte of M. *de Baſville*, who, whilſt he was intendant of *Languedoc*, cauſed it to be repaired at his own expence.

Some moderns have a perſuaſion, that in order to ſacrifice victims to the infernal deities at the funeral of *Plautina*, *Adrian* likewiſe cauſed the little temple of *Diana*, which is to be ſeen near the fountain at *Nimes*, to be erected, and in the ſame place ordered the body of that princeſs to be burned upon the *Tour-magne*, which is the loftieſt tower in *Gaul*. However, the eleven fathom of it, which are ſtill remaining, ſeem to be more in the taſte of a *Gothick*, than a *Roman* building. At the foot of the hill upon which it ſtands, is that fountain formerly dear to thoſe maſters of the world, and the object of their devotion. It has been demoliſhed by time, and the town-houſe is now at the expence of two millions of livres in repairing it. Upon opening

ing one of its canals in ſeventeen hundred and thirty eight, they diſcovered with ſurpriſe two ſtair-caſes in a ſemicircle, which for the convenience of the neighbouring temple deſcended to the ſpring; then a great aqueduct, and towards the rock two thick and well built walls that encloſed the waters, and brought them to a reſervoir which poured them by a caſcade into a paved hall. A broad gallery one ſtep higher, ſupported only by little marble pillars, ſurrounded the hall: In the midſt roſe a ſquare pedeſtal a fathom high, upon which the nymph of the fountain now ſtands. At the ſame place was found a great heap of medals, cornelians, baſſo-relievos, ſtatues and bronzes inverted. In repairing the ravages made by time, and the *Goths*, they follow the antient plan as cloſely as poſſible. Several terraſſes, which are erected upon the rocks have communications with each other by double ſtair-caſes. From thence we diſcovered the temple which has been deſcribed, the ſpring, the nympheum *, the baſon of the *Romans*, and a canal eight fathom broad, and three hundred in length, over which there are three bridges, with ſtone parapetts, and quays which they propoſe building

* Antient porticos, adorned with ſtatues, and ſtanding on the water-ſide to take the air in.

building in a uniform manner as far as the city.

Near the walls, the waters fill a watering place for horſes, a grand waſhing baſon and reſervoirs for the dyers. Oppoſite to the fountain is a vaſt piece of ground, adorned with trees planted in quincunxes, vaſes, coloſſal ſtatues and marble ſeats. Over againſt the parterre, which has iron-bars, is to be ſeen a long walk planted with four rows of trees. Beyond it the eye diſcovers the open country, and loſes itſelf in the horizon. I dwell upon the beauties of this work as a modern one, and much leſs known than the monuments of antiquity. The city which I am deſcribing, in the viciſſitude of times received all ſorts of governments and religions. M. *Seguier*, one of its learned inhabitants, who through friendſhip for the Marquis *Maffei*, paſſed part of his life in the territories of *Venice*, ſhewed me a curioſity which he brought from thence. It was ſome petrified fiſh, very commonly found in the mountains of *Verona*, of which I had often heard mention made: The figure, the ſcales and the bones of fiſh are to be found ſo compleatly in theſe ſtones, that no body can explain this phænomenon.

Upon leaving this town, which has the greateſt number of antique edifices of any in *France*, we were deſirous of ſeeing the triple

triple bridge *du Gard*, ſaid to be built in the time of *Agrippa*, in order to carry water from mountain to mountain by an aqueduct of nine leagues, to the temple of *Diana* and the amphitheatre of *Niſmes*. The delay of the poſt that conducted the *Maréchal de Thomond* to a meeting of the ſtates of the province, obliged us to admire theſe wonders by the moon-light, which ſhone very bright, and perhaps gave them a new luſtre. From thence to *Lyons*, the roads of *Dauphiné* are but indifferent; however I have high reaſon to be pleaſed with this fine city, with the Marquiſs of *Rochebaron*, who commands in it, with the Counteſs of *Groſley*, to whom Madam *D'argental* did me the honour to recommend me, and with M. *Bordes*, a perſon of great genius, who introduced me to the beſt company, ſhewed me the fine theatre built by M. *Soufflot*, the ſquare of *Bellecour*, the moſt conſiderable in *France*, and the town-houſe, which is a fine piece of architecture. They are fitting up a magnificent hall to hold the aſſemblies of the academy. I cannot help being proud of the honour they did me here, as well as in the *Lyceums* of *Italy*, to inſcribe my name in this temple of the Muſes. The ingenious members who belong to it, have even admitted me to one of their particular aſſemblies: M. *de Fleurieu*, their learned ſecretary, read at this meeting an

excellent diſſertation upon the dialogues of the antients; M. *de Bory*, governor of *Pierre Scize*, ſome pretty poems; and M. *Bordes*, a fine ode upon the war. I ſhall here ſet down the compliment of thanks which I made at my election; I had not time to render it more worthy of the ſubject, and more expreſſive of my lively gratitude.

Hail happy plains, where *Rhone* his ſource
Forſaking, ſouthwards bends his courſe,
Eager a *Naiad* * to embrace,
Bright ornament of this ſweet place.
Behold, how all things here abound,
And labour ſcatters wealth around:
Here *Tully*'s ſcholars nobly ſtrive
Loſt elocution to revive:
By *Lignon*'s banks in flow'ry plains,
Bory's guittar pours amorous ſtrains;
Such once the Muſes did inſpire,
When fam'd *Anacreon* tun'd his lyre.
True taſte reigns there, and *Helicon*
Finds lofty *Pindar*'s favourite ſon †:
Brought thither by the hand of time,
A *Plato* ‡, lectures gives divine.
We're told by a deep learned ſage ‖,
Lyons ſurpaſſes *Ilion*'s age;

That

* The *Saone*. † M. *Bordes*. ‡ M. *de Fleurieu*.
‖ The Abbe *Pernetti*.

That when *Aſtræa* dwelt below,
It did much wealth and ſplendor ſhew:
If *Druids* offer'd at each ſhrine
Their bloody rites to pow'rs divine;
Plancus from *Rome* true courage brought,
And here its arts and virtues taught.
Rude *Goths* the country round laid waſte,
And *Plancus'* noble work defac'd:
But when fam'd *Amadis* was known,
Cupid erected here his throne:
From him deſcended on that ſhore
(Midſt vot'ries who his pow'r implore)
The genius with each talent grac'd,
Who me in *Areopagus* plac'd.

Mr. *Bordes* anſwered me thus.

This ſeat, fair nymph, the boaſt of *France*,
You owe not to our complaiſance;
It from a ſource more noble roſe;
(Juſtice on wit the palm beſtows)
At fam'd *Auguſtus'* altar * you
Receiv'd the prize to merit due.
Homer and *Milton*'s gifts conſpire
To make the world your lays admire;
Homer and *Milton*, bards divine,
Inſpir'd by *Phœbus* and the nine.
But kinder fate, oh! nymph, to you
Has giv'n bright eyes and genius too.

I was

* Erected at *Lyons*; here the prizes of eloquence and poetry were diſtributed; and it now ſerves as a model to the academy.

I was invited to dine with my learned aſſociates: M. *de Maupertuis*, who is here waiting an opportunity of returning to *Pruſſia*, ſeemed deſirous to be of the party. But being informed of my intention to pay M. *de Voltaire* a viſit, he immediately ſent word that he was not well. Notwithſtanding his hatred, as ſoon as ever my fellow-traveller had recovered of his gout, we made the utmoſt expedition to *Geneva*, and arrived there juſt at the right time. He who had occaſioned our journey, was upon the point of going to paſs a few days with the Elector Palatine. This *Orpheus*, whoſe reputation brings to his houſe all travellers that paſs within a hundred leagues of it, was ſo obliging as to defer his departure, to entertain us at his delightful ſeat, to quit his bed, which is ſoft enough for one of the antient *Sybarites*, that I might lie in it, I who through whim lie at *Paris* upon a bolſter, as hard as one of thoſe of the Carmelite nuns, and for two months paſt have through neceſſity lain upon ſtraw from Inn to Inn. In fine, I could not ſleep at this ſeat of delights, being quite overwhelmed with them. I ſhould not however regret this want of reſt, if the genius of the owner of the houſe, thinking he had him under his curtains, had inſpired my ſoul, and made me worthy of the laurel crown, with which this *Homer* yeſterday gallantly crowned me,

whilſt

whilſt we were at table. He joins to the delicacy of the courtier all the grace and propriety which wit adds to politeneſs; and appears to me younger, happier and in better health than before he reſided in *Pruſſia*. His converſation has loſt nothing of its agreeableneſs, and his mind being diſengaged, heightens it with more gayety than formerly. I did not enjoy it ſo long as I could have wiſhed. We were obliged to viſit *Geneva*, and the delightful ſeats which ſurround it; to return the viſits which many perſons of diſtinction honoured me with on my hoſt's account; and ſee two of his plays which were repreſented upon a theatre without the ſuburbs, none being allowed in the city. I ſhall ſay nothing of the merit of the entertainment: The novelty of the actors, the great reputation of the author, his being preſent, all theſe circumſtances contributed to keep up my deluſion; I was pleaſed with all I ſaw, and thus paſſed ſome hours, which I would rather have ſpent in converſing with him. Add to this, during the five days I was at his houſe, his excellent cream and delicious trouts, which tempted me to eat too much of them, gave me an indigeſtion. He keeps an exceeding good table, and has always with him the beſt company of *Geneva*, a town in which for its ſize there is a greater number of perſons of genius than any where elſe. Madam *Denis*

lives there very much reſpected, and deſerves it. I ſaw her again with great pleaſure, and think her happy in being the comfort of an uncle admired by all Europe; who having triumphed over envy, enjoys during his life the approbation, which extraordinary geniuſes ſeldom obtain, except from poſterity. It gives you pleaſure, and I take pleaſure myſelf in dwelling a long time upon this celebrated man. I parted from him with regret, and the more ſo, becauſe if we had not left our baggage here, we ſhould have accompanied him upon the road of *Manheim* (as he politely propoſed) and ſhould have returned through *Lorrain* to admire the wonders of the wiſe prince that reigns there. Inſtead of taking this agreeable route, we were obliged to return to the capital of *Gaul*, travelling all the way in balconies: By this I mean advancing always in a narrow road upon the brink of precipices, as people often do in *Italy*, and about *Geneva*. There I heard of a wonder of nature, too little known to us, though very near us, and which notwithſtanding deſerves our attention and ſhould excite our ſurpriſe: There is in *Switzerland*, a chain of *Alps*, twenty five leagues long, that goes by the name of the icy mountains, which are ſometimes viſited by the curious; but for ſuch an enterpriſe they muſt

chuſe

chuſe their time and conſult their force. Theſe mountains which are intirely of ice, and, no doubt, uninhabitable, have never undergone a thaw ſince the creation: They ſhew great pieces of them which fell according to the tradition of the republic, long before it was founded. The ſciſſars of time cut their ſummits into a thouſand ſtrange forms: Could not art, in order to immortaliſe the great men of the nation, form ſtatues of them out of this tranſparent marble? The ſwains of the vallies ought at leaſt to make uſe of them to repreſent their nymphs, and thus perpetuate the objects of their love. So many rocks of chryſtal heaped up to heaven, are the vaſt repoſitories of water, from whence flow imperceptibly our great rivers, ſuch as the *Po*, the *Rhine*, the *Danube* and the *Rhone*. Their unalterable current and inexhauſtible ſources are lively images of the infinity of their author. My mind loſes itſelf in admiring theſe wonders; I forget that I am at *Lyons*, and that we are upon the point of ſeeing our houſhold Gods once more; when I have paid a proper homage to them, I will viſit yours, and tell you all that I have forgotten to give you information of, or could not properly diſcloſe to you in a letter. You accuſe me of being too much diſpoſed to praiſe; I do not do this from a turn to adulation, neither

neither do I think that it is always deſerved; but it is my happineſs that the bright ſide of things always ſtrikes me in the moſt lively manner; I give you an account of that, all other circumſtances are quite obliterated out of my memory. I have ſent you the long deſcriptions which you required of me by the ſureſt conveyance I could find: I ſee you have received almoſt all of them; I have conſulted men of learning and books; but I ſhould not be accountable for their errors to which, I fear, I have added ſome of my own. I only point out to you the objects of which you muſt conſult other authors for a fuller account. How greatly muſt I love you to have found time to write ſo many letters to you in the midſt of the diſſipation of pleaſures and the fatigue of travelling! You endeavour to reward me for the pains I have taken, by aſſuring me that you take care to keep all my letters: Since you are ſo obliging we will comment upon them together at our leiſure. Farewell; I will let you know at *Paris* when we ſhall have it in our power to pay you a viſit at *Perche*.

In this retreat, whoſe beauties ſhine
Tranſcendent, but ſurpaſs'd by thine,
At evening by a chearful fire,
Whilſt far at diſtance fools retire;

Upon

Upon mirth's wings our hours ſhall fly;
And friendſhip with propitious eye,
Which glads all nature, ſhall each hour
Delights abundant on us pour.

FINIS.

VOL. I. Page 153, line 17, after *nobility*, inſtead of *conſiſts*, read *forms a council conſiſting*,

This Day were publiſhed,

Price 1s. (the fourth Edition, corrected)

OBSERVATIONS on a Pamphlet, intitled, "Thoughts on the Cauſe of the preſent Diſcontents."

By CATHARINE MACAULAY.

"Aſſume a Virtue, if you have it not."

SHAKESP.

Printed for E. and C. Dilly, in the Poultry; and ſold by J. Ridley, in St. James's-Street.

Where may be had by the ſame Author,

1. The Hiſtory of England from the Acceſſion of James I. to the Elevation of the Houſe of Hanover, 4 Vol. 4to. Price in Boards 3l. The ſame, in 4 Vols. 8vo. Price in Boards, 1l. 1l.

2. Looſe Remarks on certain Poſitions in Mr. Hobbes's Philoſophical Rudiments of Government and Society, with a Sketch of a Democratical Form of Government, in a Letter to Sig. Paſcal Paoli, Price 1s. 6d.

Likewiſe lately publiſhed in 2 Vols. 12mo. (with a complete Index) price bound 6s. The BEAUTIES of HISTORY; or Pictures of Virtue and Vice drawn from real Life: Deſigned for the Inſtruction and Entertainment of Youth.

By the Revd. Mr. STRETCH.

BRITISH 7 DE 71 MUSEUM